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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

THE IMPENDING WAR.

EIGHTEEN months ago France and Prussia stood for a space on the brink of war. The dangerous edge of things had been approached so nearly that Europe held its breath and America listened with every eastern breeze to hear the first crash of battle. Yet it came not; and it may not come now, although the chances for it seem fast increasing. The army and the gold of Napoleon have been rolled up to enormous volume, and the sententious epigrams that mock the Emperor's acts are made idler than ever by the ostentatious skirmishing of his newspaper organs. Prussia is alive with preparation, and it really looks as if the scoff of Napoleon's "first gladiator," M. Rouher—that Prussia was weaker after reaping the harvest of Sadowa than before—must surely and swiftly be put to the test. The simple truth is, war may break out at any moment, and is more likely to do so this fall than it was in the spring of '67. It will be prudent for all whose interests are in any way exposed to the coming storm to hasten and prepare for it. And it will be well for those who have the public affairs in charge to keep an anxious eye upon past experience.

Last year the war panic produced two effects that are now likely to be repeated. The premium on gold rose at New York and the price of United States bonds fell heavily at Frankfurt. The markets of Paris and London responded partially to the fall; but that of New York, to the surprise of many, showed no sympathy with it. Prices stood, as we remarked at the time, as unmoved as if there had been no such place as Europe in existence. Gold, then, will in all probability rise on the first news of a Franco-Prussian war. Our bonds will straightway go down in Europe and will be hurried home very freely for conversion. This movement, however, will be but temporary. The blaze that breaks out on the Rhine threatens to become a conflagration and to extend throughout continental Europe. In the nature of things United States bonds must then begin to rise in value there. The timid and the cautious will hasten to seek securities lying out of the possible sweep of the storm around them. European capital will thus flow to the United States in a stream whose bulk will be proportioned to the length and bitterness of the European war. At the same time while both cotton and corn may fall in price at the first outbreak of hostilities, the decline in those articles will be likewise temporary. People must eat and be clothed; and the enormous number of men withdrawn from husbandry in France and Prussia produces an effect already that may be doubled or trebled hereafter. Our great American staples, cotton and corn, may thus be expected to go up in value, hand in hand as it were, with our bonds. Altogether, disastrous as a great war may prove to Europe and prejudicial incidentally to the march of civilization everywhere, it would certainly tend to promote material prosperity in this country, and in view of our peculiar position would probably in the long run be the best thing that could happen to us.

It is sometimes said that results such as we describe are not to be looked for from such occasions, and the slight effect is pointed at which was wrought in our affairs by the Franco-Austrian and the Prusso-Austrian wars. Both these wars, however, were far too brief to furnish trustworthy evidence upon the subject. They were, moreover, in other respects essentially different from the struggle now anticipated between France and Prussia; a struggle in which the other powers are almost as certain to become embroiled as in the former cases they were certain not to be. The war may, to be sure, turn out a very short one; in which event our speculations fall to the ground. But the opinions of sagacious and experienced observers concur in auguring for the coming fight not only colossal dimensions, but protracted duration and revolutionary consequences. It is safer to count on

these than on a ninety days' affair, such as that which ended in Königgrätz. And the first and best thing that we can do with such a prospect before us is, by every possible means to strengthen and build up the national credit; to give over talking of a repudiation that would infallibly hurt us, even in dollars and cents, ten times more than it could do us good; to strive energetically to make our bonds as good as gold; and to promote, as far and as quickly as political asperities will allow, the reconciliation and prosperity of all sections of the country. Thus, and thus only, shall we be in a position to benefit by the goods the gods may send; and thus we may expect, in a time which in the retrospect will appear incredibly short, to make up the losses and ravages of our civil war.

THE "HIGH-TONED" EVENING POST.

I^N the absence of its editors we are not in the habit of regularly reading *The Evening Post*, and so, until quite recently, had failed to see a clownish piece of personality which appeared in that paper about a fortnight ago, in the shape of remarks on an article in *The Round Table*. Where one's relations are of a friendly character with the master it is somewhat embarrassing, in his absence, to deal with the rudeness of the servant. The weapon which, under other circumstances, might be the fit and obvious one, is restrained in such a case by the reflection that while the master, if present, would be the first to reprove the insolence, he may prefer to "wallop his own nigger," and may resent another's doing it for him. On the other hand, a silent submission to unprovoked affront, however dignified from one point of view, may, from another, seem somewhat craven. It is not our purpose in a general way silently to submit to personal affronts from our contemporaries of the press, although instances may arise—and have arisen—in which the insignificance of the offender may save him from being held to responsibility. In such a category we should doubtless have ranked our assailant of *The Evening Post*, but for his service with masters whom we so highly respect. He may have long ears, but for the nonce he wears a leonine skin; and, on the whole, it may be a benefit to Mr. Bryant and Mr. Godwin, rather than an injury, to stigmatize the injustice and presumption of their servitor, and to warn them of the wrong he does to their own honorable reputation when he thus masquerades as their representative.

Let us say at once—although it might well go without saying—that we can have no possible objection to criticism or even hypercriticism on the part of the press of aught that appears in the columns of *The Round Table*. The right we claim of freely discussing the opinions and language of contemporaries is, of course, equally their right as regards ourselves. But we do decidedly object to unmanly personalities—and, that we may be distinctly understood, we mean by unmanly personalities, expressions that their writers would not use in speech to the object of them—and to untruthful statements or implications calculated to injure us or our paper. The article in *The Evening Post* now referred to contains each and all of these. The writer was angry with us for publishing certain political opinions. He did not, therefore, attempt to refute those opinions, but, by way of damaging their force, he resorted to paltry verbal criticisms, to utterly unprovoked personal sarcasms, and to the wilful creation of a false impression respecting the nationality of *The Round Table* writer whom he was attacking. In a word, he strove to do us all the mischief he could by means which no gentleman could possibly employ. To the verbal criticisms, trivial as they are, we need here say nothing. It is hardly necessary, and certainly would not be becoming, for us to claim credit for the services of this journal to literature in general and to philology in particular, or to plead such services in extenuation of occasional possible slips. Even Jove and *The Evening Post* sometimes nod, and, indeed, we assert with such authority as we may that, for a journal which advertises what the newspapers ludicrously call an *index expurgatorius*—meaning a list of words not to be used in its columns—and makes a somewhat ostentatious parade of its literary authority, *The Evening Post* contains a surprising quantity of rustic, uncouth, and thoroughly *ungentlemanly* writing. We do not say this merely because the journal happens to have displeased us, but because it is a notorious fact,

acknowledged and commented upon by every scholar in the country who sees its columns and who does not allow political prejudice to warp his judgement. Every such man knows and its general readers know that *The Post* is living on its former reputation; that, excepting occasional leading articles which are compactly and pointedly written, the paper is bald and provincial to the last degree; that its writers exhibit a want of breadth, a stiffness, and a supercilious air of patronizing or correcting others not their inferiors which are laughably characteristic of the second-rate Yankee schoolmaster, and distinctly not characteristic of well-bred or well-taught men.

This was not always so, and if its editors wrote regularly for the paper it might not be so now. But the editors have been very ill served. They have unluckily stumbled upon assistants who are at once pretentious, and ignorant. *The Evening Post*, during the past few years, has been studded with blunders such as might make Leggett turn in his grave. We pointed out some time ago* how, in dealing with so important a subject as the Representation of Minorities, *The Post* not only displayed ignorance, but attempted to disguise its ignorance by constructive falsehood. We showed not only that it had never read Mr. Hare's book which it pretended to have done, but that it had never even read Mr. Mill's argument, part of which it printed in the same number with its leading article in question; and, finally, that it *had* read the articles in our columns on the same subject of which it affected to be ignorant. This mixture of bungle and deceit has too often characterized *The Evening Post* since its editors have abstained from its active supervision, and it is not strange that the disgust and alienation of many old and clear-headed friends should follow—as it has followed—in consequence. Nor is this the worst. *The Evening Post* has been prostituted—we are sure without the knowledge of its editors—to many unworthy purposes. It has praised and censured authors, artists, and actors out of personal considerations and out of political prejudice rather than because of their intrinsic merits. Weak and pointless books, silly magazine articles, and bad pictures have been lauded to the skies in its columns as worthy of public admiration, while performances of genuine excellence, of original force and robust promise, have been sneered at or passed by with cold neglect. The paper is thus slowly, but surely, losing that credit for fair and careful yet generous dealing which it once, by protracted and conscientious toil, so honorably won. Little by little, or, as in one flagrant instance, by swift and precipitous descent, the reputation of the journal has been lowered, and the fatal conviction has grown up in the public mind that it can no longer be trusted, for that, however innocent the editors proper, and however spotless and admirable their personal characters, *The Evening Post* as a journal has parted with its honesty.

We have no personal acquaintance with the subordinates of *The Post*, and assuredly have no reason for unfriendliness toward them other than are patent to all who may read this article. The splenetic personalities in which they have just now, but not for the first time, indulged respecting us have furnished occasion for our remarks, but, if we know ourselves, have led to no exaggeration of what we think true. As a matter of choice, we should certainly much prefer to be on terms of courtesy and kindness with all our contemporaries. Perhaps if such amicable relations existed our present notion of *The Evening Post* men—to use their own polished phraseology—might be other than it is. At present, were we to incorporate that notion it would appear in the form of a composite of snuffle and embezzlement, of sonorous emptiness and provincial prejudice; and the image thus conjured up is to us the reverse of lovely. Very likely the idea of ourselves entertained by *The Evening Post* men may be to them equally unattractive. But they will admit that the two cases present some striking points of difference. We have never yet withheld praise from friend or foe when we felt it was honestly due; we have never yet stooped, from caprice or malice, to withhold applause for a hundred large things well done, to carp at microscopic errors by which the large things may have been accompanied;

* See *The Round Table*, No. 126.

we have never yet—for friendship's sake or worse—deliberately printed untruthful puffs or ungentlemanly sneers about books, newspapers, or artists; and, finally, we have never yet been accused of defrauding the United States government, and thus had occasion to vow vengeance against journals which refused to publish articles exculpating us from the charge.

RELIGIOUS DISSIPATION.

ZEALOTRY and drunkenness are so nearly akin, as well in their manifestations as in being the abuse of things in themselves good, that it is puzzling to mark how unequally the two have fared in the matter of rebuke. That drunkenness should find a successful apologist is quite out of the question. Yet, although the intoxication of fanaticism is not less seductive and is far more baleful than that of wine, it encounters little popular abhorrence among men not directly molested by it. Those who appreciate its nature mostly are content to regard its extravagances from afar with a mingling of amusement and contempt; while the great mass of good but little-thinking people acquiesce more or less readily in its promoters' policy of fixing upon any who stand against them the stigma of being coldly indifferent to religious truth or covertly inimical to it. Not a few, indeed, including many of those who are least patient of religious convictions varying from their own, look upon the days of St. Bartholomew and Philip II., and the English commonwealth, and the Massachusetts witch-murders and Quaker-hangings, with thankfulness that religious intolerance has passed. To many such a one the allegation applies by which Mr. Kinglake accounts for the crooked paths which led the Czar Nicholas, hitherto a truthful and upright man, into the Crimean war—"that zeal for his church had made greater inroads upon his moral and intellectual nature than was commonly known, and that when he was under the stress of religious or rather of ecclesiastical feelings he ceased to be politic and even perhaps ceased to be honest." In the deterioration in the moral fibre consequent upon habitual intoxication of this kind is to be sought the explanation of the spiritual passions which still manifest themselves, with modifications indeed corresponding to those of the age, but with little less violence than of old.

It was only last week that we had to record the religious tyranny prevalent among the operative classes of Belgium, which was brought into the light by the murder of two men, tortured to death by their fellow-workmen for refusing to make adoration to the Virgin. Belgium is a Roman Catholic country. In the Protestant districts of northern Ireland no-Popery mobs have been belaboring, shooting, and burning the effigy of Mr. Gladstone, because of his part in "disestablishing" the outrageous Irish Church, until military interference quelled the tumults. In Protestant England the Romanists certainly have been as inoffensive as is possible, but "religious" societies exist and thrive there which do not seek to veil their object of fomenting hatred of the Romish Church and its clergy. For many months, and until found guilty in the courts of infringing the law against obscene publications, one of these organizations continued to serve religion by disseminating a lewd pamphlet entitled *The Confessional Unmasked*. At present, and for more than a year past, there has also been sustained by one or more such bodies a brutal fanatic, named Murphy, whose progress through English towns has been marked by the destruction of property and life, and has left as its tokens more or less permanent mobs of Orangemen and Roman Catholics, aptly styled by *The Spectator* political seidlitz powders. "Every now and then," says that journal, in reviewing this fellow's achievements during the past year, "there came a paragraph announcing that the Roman Catholic population of some fresh place was being goaded into madness. Now the lecturer was brandishing a revolver. Now he was stating, as a notorious fact, that every Roman Catholic priest was a murderer and a cannibal. Now he gratified criminal passions by the discovery that the Church of Rome sanctioned the foulest murders for a fee of £26 2s. 9d. Now he dived into ecclesiastical history, and declared that the Council of Trent required every priest to keep a concubine." And in this course—invariably involving riot and murder—he has had the moral and pecuniary support of a large section of English evangelicalism; and in places where that sort of sentiment dominates, so, at least, it is declared by the journals of the insulted Church, the local authorities have made no such effort to frustrate his plans as indicated any desire that it should be effective.

Our own country is fortunate in its exemption from exactly this sort of violence. In the first place, there is not to be found among us, except as an exotic or in certain regions as a legacy of slavery, the brutishness which characterizes the lower masses throughout Great Britain, and in parts of the Continent. And, moreover, the Roman Catholic Church has not yet got that firm foothold here which would warrant it—that is, if it were so disposed, a thing we are far from asserting—in assuming an offensive policy; while of the exotic violence just mentioned, so large a proportion owns allegiance to Rome and would become so formidable under provocation, that public sentiment discountenances foolish attempts to precipitate hostilities between the antagonistic churches. So, although the organs of the Calvinistic and other ultra-Protestant bodies habitually employ a rancorous and spiteful tone in speaking of Rome and Romanists, and seize with zest upon every occasion to traduce them, there is still little reason to fear more than verbal religious conflict. Zealotry in America has taken on another form, and its manifestations are moral, not brutal. Thus it meets less attention and less resistance, is able without much difficulty to confuse the distinction of right and wrong, and succeeds in enlisting a degree of intelligence and social respectability which would be impossible elsewhere,—insidiously pushing itself, disguised, into portions of the community which, if its nature were known here as it is elsewhere, would detect the sham and repel it with loathing. How far it has succeeded in so pushing itself in this direction became manifest last winter in that palpable piece of ecclesiastical sensation, the notorious Tyng case. To such a degree had the moral sense of the community become debauched that, by an unmistakable preponderance, popular sympathy ostentatiously declared itself in favor of a man who had merely obeyed the gladiatorial propensities common to his whole family and the entire mass of his ecclesiastical associates, and by wantonly fomenting turbulence and dissension, succeeded in getting himself put in the position of a martyr. So great was the furor which the zealots succeeded in creating for this person by means of their reckless suppressions and tergiversation that straightway others became emulous of a share in his notoriety, and seditious ecclesiastics began to upraise their standards amid the applause of the religious "Reds." Even now one of these victims of zeal and spiritual pride is on his trial; and the mouth-piece of the revolutionaries is repeating the same piece of adroit jugglery by which men ordinarily of sense and integrity suffered the plain question of fact which was at issue to be spirited away from under their eyes, and an appeal to sectarian passions and dogmas to be substituted in its place. In the case of "our good brother Hubbard," as *The Protestant Churchman* calls him, just as in the case of Mr. Tyng, fanaticism intends to convince the public that the question in debate is whether the violated laws are desirable or reprehensible; whereas in reality it is whether the offender—having voluntarily assumed allegiance to the laws, and being able at any time to terminate his allegiance—has forsworn himself by their deliberately planned and undenied infraction. Yet in the case of this man, whose sin differs from perjury only in the degree by which the solemnity of an ordination vow differs from that of a judicial oath, the journal which apparently aspires to lead a schism from which its conductors pray each Sunday to be delivered, is able to assert, with full assurance of popular approval, that "the principles of which he is the champion commend themselves to the enlightened Christian sentiment of the community," and to express the aspiration that "his sufferings for Christ's sake [may] awaken some of the ecclesiastical Sauls to a sense of their awful sin."

But for this dazed condition of the popular mind, induced by habitual religious excesses, zealotry would lack the most effective means by which, among us, it perpetuates and extends its influence. These are the free and constant use of such religious stimulants as are available in sectarian prejudices and hatreds, and the occasional, though systematic, propagation of the Saturnalian orgies known as revivals, to which the dialect of cant reconciles men by terming them "means of grace." The origin of these latter is not far to seek. In the formula of a recent historian we find the deduction at which all philosophical students of history have arrived, that it is the nature of excesses to beget excesses of strange complexion, and a too rigid sanctity has always been followed by a too scandalous profligacy. Thus it is scarcely a matter for surprise that the remorseless austerity and gloom of ultra-Protestantism should have driven the emo-

tional nature of men into revolt and prompted them to seek relaxation in the immoderate ecstasies of the revival. But although in unreasonableness and absurdity the Methodist "revivals" are fit *vis-à-vis* to the Romish "miracles," fanatical zeal has persuaded itself that as a means to righteousness marvellous efficacy attaches to them, and year by year they are multiplied and expanded. Partly as a religious exercise, partly as inexpensive fun, at certain seasons masses of people are attracted together; they are harangued in a jargon which it might be unfair to regard as always a token of conscious hypocrisy, but which greasy bigotry invariably weaves from misapplied scriptural imagery; they are wrought by fervid adjurations into a spiritual rapture where reason disappears and the unfortunate creatures are reduced to a state of temporary irresponsibility; most recover, some remain deranged or violently insane, while there are traditions, which we still have to see satisfactorily authenticated, that permanent conversions have resulted from these extraordinary means.* But as a spasm of virtue is said periodically to overcome the English people, so now and then a perception of the worse than folly of this sort of thing dawns upon the American public—once in a while a revivalist is roughly handled by an outraged community, and just at present a large part of the country is moved by horror or unseemly mirth at the carnival of fanaticism and blasphemy which has attended the signal "conversion" of the "Wickedest Man in New York." Prayer-meetings have been held in the slums of Water Street, in the intervals between rat-killings. The dialects of the two pursuits have interpenetrated one another in a manner which is simply shocking, on the one side from its incongruousness, on the other from the horrible profanity and sacrilege with which the newspapers—to their great discredit, in several cases—have made us familiar. The fanatics have taken to their bosom the Wickedest Man with a fervor even surpassing that with which they greeted Mr. Tyng; have had him, brutally drunk, on exhibition at the prayer-meetings held in his house; have placed him on such a pinnacle that for a time the party press seemed likely to intermit their abuse of Mr. Seymour and General Grant to talk about him,—that the little *gamins* offer you your choice between cartes of him or of the Grecian bend,—that one brute who, not illogically certainly, fancied himself overlooked, caused himself to be advertised as the "Wickedest Man,"—and that it appeared by no means too wild for belief that Mr. John Allen might be put forth to contest Mr. John Morrissey's seat in Congress. The whole affair is loathsome and painful, but it will have done good if it is taken for what it really is—one of the natural manifestations of chronic religious debauchery.

Religion can never, by whatever foul contact, be made either harmful or contemptible. But many of the hands to which have been entrusted its administration and its defence are giving us, in its stead, a thing which is both.

AFTER DARK.

GREAT cities always pay the penalty of greatness by having fastened on them a reputation for extraordinary wickedness. No great man ever lived, from Judas Iscariot to General Butler, whom some historian has not delighted to paint as a monster of moral corruption; while good people, on the contrary, in history as in real life and Sunday-school libraries, are too often insufferably dull. To be at once great and good seems, to the average human intellect, an embarrassment of riches altogether opposed to the

*The statistics of insanity show that, next to prolonged physical ill-health, the most frequent causes of mental disease are drunkenness and religious excitement. In the last United States census the tabulated returns from five insane asylums show that among their inmates 812 became insane from the former cause, 740 from the latter; and this difference is said to exceed that generally noticeable. No one familiar with the two phenomena can have failed to note the resemblance between the spasmodic shouts, groans, and convulsions of the camp-meeting and those of the mad-house.—In illustration of the jargon above alluded to, we may quote from a prominent article in last week's issue of *The Church Union*—which we think it is not unfair to advanced evangelicalism to regard as its most characteristic organ—the first sentence of a description of a permanent meeting of the kind:

"Christian readers, if you want to see the mount of privilege, and get a good view of the highway of Holiness cast up for the ransomed of the Lord, a most delightful opportunity is offered on Tuesday afternoons at—"

At the Water Street revival, alluded to in the article to which this note is appended, an observer recorded, and subsequently published, the terms used by the speakers in addressing a class of people who could have had no notion of their meaning. For the ostensible benefit of creatures of almost brutish ignorance these were exhortations to "lay hold of the Rock," to "wash their sins in the blood of the Lamb," to "come to Zion," etc., etc. To this correspondent was, not unnaturally, suggested the reply of Poor Jo, the Rev. Chadband's "soaring human boy," when questioned whether he knew a prayer:

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadband he was a prayin' wunat Mr. Snagby's and I heard him, but he sounded as if he was a speakin' to his-self, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there was other gentlemen come down Tom-all-Alone's a prayin, but they all mostly said as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talkin to thei'selves, or a passing blame on the t'others, and not a talkin' to us. We never know'd nothink. I never know'd what it was all about."

economy of nature. As with men so with cities; the good ones, like Philadelphia and Boston, which even their warmest admirers must admit are just a trifle stupid, take revenge by holding up the great ones, like New York, as the abode of all evil, the abomination of desolation. And this pious rancor increases in inverse ratio to their size, until when you get down to the villages the ardor of denunciation becomes worthy of a Water Street prayer-meeting or a *Tribune* editorial. Country parsons are never so eloquent and so impressive as when warning, with perhaps too much fidelity of detail, their gaping auditors against the snares and pitfalls of the modern Sodom. "God made the country and man made the town" was a proverb before Cowper; and it is by a species of natural reversion that the former gets credit for all the propriety which is deemed inconsistent with the bad eminence of the latter. Of course it needs but a little reflection to see the injustice of all this; it needs but a little actual observation to see that our bucolic neighbors are not by any means the paragons of innocence that poets and themselves are fond of depicting them, that the honest farmer is no more like Aristides than the virtuous country lass, his daughter, resembles the constant Penelope. It will be noticed, too, that if the town is immoral its immorality is fed by the provinces, which it drains not less of its honest industry, its intelligent energy and talent, than of its clever wickedness and first-class crime. Naturally enough, too, vice, like virtue, betakes itself where it can find the quickest and most various appreciation, the highest prices, the most favorable market. Yet enough of second-rate sin remains behind to relieve the country from any just imputation of dullness. Especially in that particular naughtiness which belongs to Aphrodite rather than to Artemis no one who has spent much time in the rural districts of New Jersey and Massachusetts will deny that the fields are quite as fertile as the streets. Indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise; the license and the opportunities which our social code affords to lively young people in the country are so great and so constant as to amount to so many direct invitations to forget the prohibitory clause of the Seventh Commandment. The practice of "bundling," on which that veracious historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, discourses so sagely, has fallen, we believe, into dishonor and disuse, except in those remote parts of Pennsylvania where they still live in the sixteenth century, and talk of the Revolution as the late war; but the universally recognized custom which permits young people to indulge *à libitum* in what is called "sparking," in dark parlors, till the small hours, and long after the rest of the household is virtuously asleep, is scarcely less happy or less certain in its results. A truthful account of the real moral condition of what, in point of education and refinement, may justly be termed middle-class society, as it has come under our own notice in parts of New England and the Middle States, would be denounced as sensational and mendacious, so hideous, so monstrously incredible would it seem. These things are seldom spoken of and seldomer heeded; partly from the delicate nature of the subject, but chiefly, we fear, from a growing spirit of absolute indifference, a lowering of moral tone which renders us careless or callous to the rottenness in our social fabric.

However, this is somewhat apart from the matter we have in hand. Rustic virtue, or the want of it, may properly be left to the care of its appointed guardians, who will in time learn the practical application of that little Hebrew parable about the mote and the beam, and discover that they may make profitable studies of genuine wickedness at home without the cost and peril of the journey to a metropolitan dance-house. What concerns us is the state of morality in our own community, and this, it must be confessed, is not encouraging. Making all due allowance for invidious exaggeration, New York is not a pattern of civic propriety and social decorum. Licentious, of course, any city must necessarily be, exposed to the constant influx of transient travel, lying right in the pathway of a vast and sometimes vicious foreign immigration, whose worthless *debris* alone is usually stranded in its midst; something, too, must be charged to the license engendered by the war. But even these peculiarities of our situation and social condition are inadequate altogether to account for the rapid and startling growth of crime which has recently swelled our police reports and admirably illustrated the imbecility of the reporters. In particular, the vice we have above alluded to has spread of late beyond all reasonable ratio of increase, as a stroll through the city after nightfall will suffice to convince the most incredulous observer. Hardly any of our oldest inhab-

itants can remember a time when our midnight streets were altogether free from the traces of this pollution; none can recall a period when its evidences were thicker or more glaring than at present. So soon as night has lent its friendly cloak to crime, it would almost seem as though we were transformed into a city of harlots. From noisome alleys, from unknown back streets, from reeking slums and purlieus of the lower town, as well as from more elegant haunts of sin in the upper, they emerge with the pitying stars. The rays from every gas-lamp light up their painted faces, their revolting leers, their tawdry finery; at almost every step one pauses to repulse their wanton solicitations and be pursued by their obscene revivings. There is scarcely a block in any uptown street that is not polluted by one of their gilded lairs; there is not an uptown avenue that is not made hideous after nightfall by their abhorrent traffic; there is not a place of public amusement where they do not nightly flaunt in the foremost seats their brazen charms. To such an extent have they thus monopolized our thoroughfares that no honest woman can venture forth after sundown unattended without subjecting herself to the outrage of being mistaken for one of this unhappy sisterhood of sin. And not only under shelter of darkness do they ply their awful trade, but impunity has made them bold, and even daylight is insulted by the shamelessness of their venal beauty. During certain portions of the day there is scarcely an omnibus or car line that they do not make unfit for the use of ladies by the contamination of their presence; and everybody who has travelled on the sound or river boats knows how they convert those "floating palaces" into floating bagnios. Never at any time was the social evil so rampant or so reckless in our midst; and the fatal fact seems to be that legislation is powerless to avert or even to check it. The wisdom of our rulers has decided that to attempt to regulate would be to encourage it; the wisdom of society has concluded that it would be vain to try to suppress it; and so, between the horns of this imbecile dilemma, we fold our hands in supine inaction and allow the rot to spread and canker and destroy. There is not even the pretence of concealment that once permitted us to shut our eyes to the blot we were too indolent to remove; to-day infamy arrays herself in purple and fine linen and seats herself in our high places, where there is none to molest or to make her afraid. Every now and then, to be sure, we read in the public prints that the police have descended on some establishment whose keeper has failed to satisfy their rapacity, and that its wretched inhabitants have been paraded through the streets for the amusement of a prurient and jeering crowd. But to what good end? With a fine and a night's confinement, and a humorous reprimand from the jovial magistrate, the culprits are set loose to resume their nefarious occupation precisely as if nothing had happened. Yet hundreds of houses of the better sort, whose existence and situation is equally known to the guardians of our peace, but whose proprietors are more open of hand and purse, are never in any way molested or disturbed. Nay, in respectable, even in fashionable, neighborhoods there are dens of a darker character, whose nocturnal orgies not even Juvenal or Petronius imagined, and whose inmost mysteries will at any time be cheerfully unfolded to you for a slight consideration by a complaisant detective.

It may be that the social philosophers are right, and that it is useless to try to remedy a disorder which is in the nature of things incurable. But it is a sad and humiliating conclusion, and one is irresistibly impelled to ask how long this moral corruption may be allowed to spread and fester without involving us in political as well as social ruin? Doubtless we are not much worse than other people; from the beginning the heart of man was deceitful and desperately wicked, and we are not inclined to exalt or glorify the past. That had its own sins to answer for, not few nor light, as our self-righteous are fond of pointing out when they denounce the pollutions of the past to magnify the purity of the present. But even in the transgression of that bygone day there was a grace that softened its deformity; we have substituted for its romantic gallantries and mysterious intrigues the most vulgar and public debauchery. For the Gabriel D'Estrées and Marion Delormes and Agnes Sorels that all the chivalry of France went mad about, and even royalty deigned to kneel to, we have Cora Pearl and Thérèse and the queens of the Jardin Mabille; for the frail beauties that Lily's pencil has immortalized, we have Anonyma Skittles and the belles of the music-cellar. And we are no whit beyond London or Paris in the downward march. *Facilis descensus Averni*. With blinded eyes we stagger on, a riotous, revelling crew, and no man knows whither.

THE ART CRITIC OF THE PERIOD.

ALL through the summer, while Nature, with her trees, her brooks, her mountains, and her sea, is sitting in her best to be painted, our artists are fast getting to be found on every spot where grandeur or beauty invites a sketch. But now, in the shortening days, they are coming back—flocking from the Adirondacks, from the clammy shores of Maine, from the crispy iceberg regions, and from the prairies and mountains of the West, back to their familiar studios, where they will put up their easels and grind their colors (a figure of speech, however, for they have their colors all ready in little tubes, and the days of the tight-legged pupils in velvet jerkins are over), and bravely go to work, with pipe in mouth and brush in hand, to put upon the canvas their ideas of the glories they have left. When spring arrives their pictures will be finished, and then, on the Academy walls, they will be exposed to their destinies. The painters will stand by, the people will gaze, and the art critics will judge. Each picture will have reached the most important stage in its history—the judgement of the critic.

Art criticism, as we of to-day understand it, is by no means coeval with art. In the earliest days of painting—and it is of that alone we speak—it is probable that no criticism was more prized than that of the pigeons of Zeuxis and the horses of Apelles. Later, the artists were, it is probable, the most frequent and respected critics of each other, and as the world grew older, the people, for whom the pictures were painted, became themselves the judges of their merits. But in modern times the division of labor has extended to nearly all branches of thought as well as action. There are those who make our books, and others who form our judgements; and the time we should waste in doing either of these things might, according to the philosophy of the day, be more profitably employed. A class has therefore arisen whose office it is to save the public the trouble of criticising works of art; and as their vocation has become one which is as distinct and well-defined as any other, we can readily become acquainted with the characteristics of its professors, and the significance or value of their connection with art. These men are art critics—no more. They do not paint or draw, and they are not generally known as buyers of pictures; but they can tell the painters how to paint and the buyers what to buy.

To become such an expert may, therefore, appear to be very difficult of accomplishment. The art critic needs thoroughly to understand the theory of painting in its real and ideal branches, and in all their combinations, and to be fully aware of the manner in which different pigments can best represent, on a canvas surface, air, fire, water, earth, vegetation, love, hate, joy, sorrow, sanctity, vice—in a word, all things material and all visible expressions of thought and feeling. He needs to know how in their natural condition those things appear which he criticises in the picture, and when he points to a fault, to indicate at the same time the remedy. Not only must he understand and demonstrate that he understands each work of art, but he must fully comprehend the capabilities of particular artists, and be able to advise them in regard to their choice of a specialty. If a man has been painting gods and goddesses all his life, when he should have been making views of railway stations, the critic should know it, and say so. Placed by his position above the workers in the fields of art, he should appreciate their inspirations and see better than themselves their wished-for ideals. No one better than he should understand how the soul of the poet prompts the painter's hand, and how nature should be reflected from the artist's eye upon the canvas. Provided with these simple requisites, the critic of art enters upon the scene; all eyes are fixed upon him. What has so far been done by nature and the painters may have been done well, or it may have been waste of time. We long to know. We wait and listen.

He casts his eyes rapidly over the collection of landscapes, marines, portraits, figure-pieces, interiors, and still lifes—on subjects treated with the dash of sudden inspiration, and on those elaborate with the finish of Meissonier; on pictures of broad and liberal study, boldly uniting what might be with what is, and on pictures carefully worked out by the slow pencil of the Pre-Raphaelite. Now, not only does he instantly perceive the degree of merit of all these, but the advance or retrogression of the painters since last he criticised their works. Messrs. Pallet, Canvas, and Maulstick, for example, are among those who hold high artistic rank in our country. The public, devoid

of the artistic acumen of the critic, believes that the paintings of these men are really noble works of art; and, accustomed year by year to view them with uncultivated pleasure, delights in offering to the artists frequent gold and laurels. But the critic speaks, and his first words show how utterly deluded the people have suffered themselves to be. "Pallet!" he cries—"where is his improvement upon last year? Regardless of every point upon which we have frequently insisted, he comes back this season with the same travesties of nature with which we are so familiar. Twenty-five years of work and study, and many of advice, appear to have been of no use to him, and he should again begin at the rudiments before it is too late. Canvas, as usual, covers much space which might otherwise be worthily filled; another of his sprawling pictures excites the contempt of all true lovers of art. His vague distances, his impossible mountains, his vast middle grounds (in which nothing is distinct but the color, and that very unevenly treated), his stiff pines, black and cutting against his ever blue and white sky, his hard and heavily painted rock-work, and his obtrusive foregrounds come back to us as regularly as the exhibitions open. There is too much in these pictures; we have said so over and over again, and it is only by a false and vicious taste that they can be tolerated. In No. 1,867, Maulstick has proved himself an assassin of American art. Beneath his heavy style and turgid coloring he is burying the aspirations of coming generations. To look upon his pictures makes one sick. Should he die surrounded by the horrid and sickly products of his pencil, Hades would surely be a relief. His yearly abortions indicate the low tone of artistic sentiment in certain circles. 'A Study from Nature,' by Easel, a tyro utterly ruined by injudicious favor, causes us to ask, what nature he refers to? This presumptuous man may have a nature of his own, only known to the world by the periodical glimpses he gives us of it, but why does he not announce this fact, and not sully the fair fame of our Nature by coupling her name with his productions? Miss Sable has a little thing called 'Plums.' Are these really plums we see? If so, we should much like to know the name of the fruit we used to think were plums. In a word, with grief, despair, and utter disgust at the deaf ears and hard hearts of those we would willingly lead aright, we give up all hope of this generation ever seeing a good American picture. There are some, it is true, who show a little promise. Chromo exhibits 18,888—a colored man sitting down, which is a natural picture, and suggestive of the true inspiration of Düsseldorf. This picture, and that by Bavar of 'The Ancient Knight by the Old Castle,' are all we see in the exhibition which do not evince the most abject subjection of linseed oil to grocery bills and house rent."

Thus saith the critic. But do the people believe in and honor him, and do the artists endeavor to profit by his advice? As regards the first part of the question, it cannot be denied that, if public opinion is not formed, it is greatly influenced by what the pen says of the pencil. Before the majority of those who see and care for pictures have made up their minds about them they read Mr. Critic's opinions, and very many of them accept without question his decisions. Far more than ever see the pictures at all read of them, and evince their acquired contempt for American art by carefully avoiding such abominable collections as are described in the newspaper to which they pin their faith. There is no doubt but that most Americans are too apt to be contented with what is set before them. Just as they consume, and roundly pay for, whatever is served at the hotel or restaurant, without pausing to consider the composition or healthfulness of the repast, so in regard to ideas of art, they appear willing to accept without question whatever may be offered. It is of course plain enough that criticism is necessary to the progress of art, but the very ease by which our public can be impressed in matters of this kind is the strongest reason against undue interference with its growing appreciation. It can only be thoroughly taught in the concerns of art by artists, for no people will believe in good pictures until they see them. Necessary as fair criticism may be to the artists themselves, abuse is certainly uncalled for, and unfortunately that generally predominates in the art notices of the period. It seems to be understood as a principle of criticism, that a certain limited amount of commendation will compensate for a great deal more of sweeping censure. But this principle is clearly inapplicable or unjust when one artist is made entirely black that he may be a foil for the whiteness of another. It should not be forgotten that the critic ought to examine his own

idiosyncrasies as carefully as those of the artist whose work he discusses. Art critics unfortunately are not required to obtain academic diplomas or certificates of competency to instruct his fellow-men, and it depends therefore very much upon himself whether he is or is not a quack. As the case stands, the affirmative of the proposition is commonly true. Our American Ruskins are yet to appear, and temper and prejudice too often usurp the place of culture. Hence the cause of art is retarded, for, while we may be prone at times to admire the weak or the meretricious, it is not by furious denunciation that people are to be made connoisseurs or artists, Raphaels or Turners.

GOETHE'S FAUST AND THE FAUST LEGEND.

II.

THE Second Part has two very distinct subparts—the story of Faust's love for Helena, and Faust's enterprise as a "builder of cities." Indeed, the Helena episode was originally published by Goethe before the remainder of the Second Part of *Faust*.

The first act is simply an introduction to the Helena episode. Faust is still living. His "moment so beautiful," we must assume, did not come to him in the arms of Gretchen. Neither carousals nor love have satisfied him. The devil must invent better pleasures. True to the requirement that Faust is now to be the hero of the poem, we find him altered. At first, indeed, we scarcely recognize him. He has grown nobler, manlier. Mephisto takes him to the Emperor's court, there to witness the life of the great. A carnival show—longish and at times rather prosy, as, for instance, in the nonsense of the "Wood-cutters"—affords Faust and Mephisto occasion to exhibit their wizard powers and at the same time to sow the germ of infinite future misery—a part which Mephisto never loses sight of—by inaugurating a reign of paper money. The Emperor, much pleased, wishes for more shows. He calls upon Faust to produce the shade of Helena, the highest type of female beauty. Faust rashly promises, and calls on Mephisto to show him the means of carrying out his promise. Mephisto, essentially a northern devil, seems to have no control over the classic shades, and, indeed, the great difficulty for Goethe in working out this part of the poem was to find some poetical means whereby to link northern with classic mythology. This problem he solved here most happily by the introduction of the Mothers—strange, weird figures, partaking quite as much of the northern as of the classic element. Faust, by the aid of the tripod,* succeeds in obtaining from them for a moment the beautiful shade, but, unhappily—in conformity with the tradition—falls in love with it himself. He stretches out his hands to seize Helena, and an explosion puts an end to the first act. Again it is love which is to make Faust happy, but this time, strange to say, love for the dead, for a shade, for a mere conception. But to get possession of this shade is by no means so easy for Mephisto as it was to bring poor Gretchen to her fall. Here again occurred the equally great poetical difficulty of giving a shadowy life to Helena and yet investing the episode with the reality demanded by the poetic representation, and the admirable manner in which Goethe has overcome this difficulty will always be the wonder of artists.

The explosion has thrown Faust into a deep swoon. Mephisto does not know what to do with him, and seems in real distress. He has absolutely no means of obtaining Helena. Happily, Mephisto has carried Faust, while in the swoon, to Faust's own old gothic house, at the very moment when old Wagner is busily manufacturing a "homunculus."† This strange little figure, belonging to no country and to no clime, itself rather a shade, forms the connecting link Mephisto needs between himself and the classic demon-world. First of all Homunculus penetrates Faust's very soul, and prognosticates that, after the sight of true Grecian beauty, modern life will become insupportable and probably kill him. Next the little fellow—a universal spirit, not one-sided like Mephisto—remembers that the classical *Walpurgisnacht* is just approaching and would be the best place to take Faust to. In prospect of some lusty Thessalian witches Mephisto finally assents to the trip.

This conception of a classic Walpurgis-night wherein to obtain the shade of Helen, in opposition to that of the First Part, wherein Faust first saw the shade of

Gretchen, is marvellously contrived. By transporting us into this wizard-world, which we are willing enough to accept as real, it being a confessed fiction, we are imperceptibly prepared to receive also as real what is given us not as a fiction, but as a reality; although as reality it be far stranger than the fiction itself. Having gone through the *Walpurgisnacht*, the annihilation of time, which calls up a living Helena from Hades, is no longer so improbable. The *Walpurgisnacht*, after the first introduction, separates into three parts. The one part follows Faust, who is hunting up Helena, and is taken by Chiron to Manto, whose mysterious temple opens for Faust to descend into the region of the Queen of the dead, from her to implore the restoration of Helena to life. The second part follows Mephistopheles in his search for fat witches, being unsuccessful wherein, he betakes himself to what is of more practical importance—change of his northern figure for a more classic presence, so as to be presentable in the coming comedy with the shade of Helena. Grotesquely enough, he chooses the female mask of the horrible Phorkyads and then disappears like Faust. The third part puts an end to poor Homunculus, who, as yet a mere scheme in a bottle, is by far too anxious to get bodily existence, and has great hopes from some nature-philosophers, whose conversation he has overheard. Mephisto sagely shakes his head and advises the little fellow not to trust to philosophers, but to get existence in his own way, even though it should be at the cost of some errors. But Homunculus is tired of his precarious and spiritual bottle-existence; he follows the philosophers, who, it seems, are of the "water" school, and breaks his bottle and his existence against the shell wagon of the beautiful Galathea.

All this mythology—beautifully elaborated beyond expression, and even in itself one of the finest poems ever produced—has now made us willing to accept as sober reality almost anything a little less wizardly. Even the exquisite change of metre has imperceptibly prepared the sudden introduction of the stately hexameter, and we are ready at the opening of the third act to look upon the palace of Menelaus as actual, and upon the figures of Helena and her maids as not merely the doubles or shades, as which even they at times seem to consider themselves. Old traditions of Greek mythology, suggesting another such reappearance of Helena from the shores of the river of death to live with Achilles the living, are most happily made use of by Goethe to further this impression. It is a wonderful scene, wonderfully executed. Even Mephistopheles in his Phorkyad mask is so metamorphosed, and speaks in so stately a flow of rhythm, as to be scarcely recognizable as a northern devil.

Conscious guilt makes Helena very ready to fly from the wrath of an injured husband, and as soon as Mephistopheles has her in his clutches a return to true time is made possible. The scene changes, and a castle of the middle ages, with Faust as its lord, stands prepared to welcome and protect the fair fugitive. From hexameters, through the mediation of blank-verse, we come back again to rhyme—and a beautiful current of allegory commingling with the action of the poem assists its conclusion. For, after all, this whole episode of Faust's love for a shade is but a dream, and can find its solution only dreamlike. In making Helena his own, Faust prepares her return to the dead. As Homunculus was created to make possible the appearance of the classic world, so Euphorion* arises from the embrace of the lovers to cause its disappearance. Like Homunculus, Euphorion dies by his own irrepressible desire for actual life, and the shade of Helena follows him to Hades. Like images of a dream, all the other personages vanish, Faust being carried away on the garment of Helena; and in front of the stage Mephisto, the only remaining personage, throws off the horrid Phorkyad mask, and presents himself for applause as the clever manager of this phantasmal show, gotten up solely for the sake of his foolish disciple Faust. Faust, by that unfortunate glimpse of classic beauty, which the Emperor's lust prepared for him, had been made weary unto death of modern conceptions of beauty, and could be saved only by a dreamlike vision of the revival of that classic beauty, after its centuries of death, and by its short-lived marriage with modern life; after which even the

* The symbol of Time. The Mothers being, in mythology, the symbols of the power to change not-being into being—hence they become poetically appropriate to represent the custodians of the shades. Time is, of course, their supreme assistant.

† For from such homunculi, if they attain mature age, arise giants, dwarfs, and other great marvellous beings, who may be used for great works, and who know all secret and mysterious things.—*Theophrastus Paracelsus, De Generatione Rerum Naturae*.

* Herein again Goethe follows the old tradition, which reports that Faust had a child born to him by the shade Helena, who was called Justus Faustus. Goethe by naming the child Euphorion happily mixes up two traditions, for Euphorion is the name of the mythical child which the shade Helena bore to Achilles. Euphorion is, of course, also a general representation of the spirit of poetry in his allegorical significance. That Goethe at the same time took advantage of this scene to immortalize Lord Byron is purely accidental, and has no internal significance. Happily, no names are mentioned, for Byron rather inadequately represents Euphorion. The best representation in literature of this wonderful child, born from the union of Greek art and the art of the middle ages, is undoubtedly Chatterton, both in respect to his genius and his fate.

dream could not keep up this unnatural resurrection. The body of Helena—the substance of classic art—vanishes again, but the fortunate lover holds fast to her garment, and in the beautiful flow of classic form modern life finds what so long it sought in vain—a fit poetical expression.

Hence, in the fourth act, wherein the poem returns where the second act left it, we meet Faust as the same person whom we left at the Emperor's court. A sly allusion on the part of Mephistopheles is all that recalls Helena, and this allusion is made rather in a manner to create the belief that the whole classic episode has been merely a dream of Faust's disturbed imagination while in the swoon. Faust now longs for more action and labor of life. In his travels through the clouds it has occurred to him that it would be grand to enter into a contest with Nature, and, reclaiming a happy harbor from the ocean, to lay the foundation of a great city. Mephisto—who in the meanwhile seems to have lost somewhat of his Satanic ugliness—apparently feels shamed by his inability to come up to the Grecian standard—is right willing to assist Faust in this pious enterprise. Their old friend, the Emperor, who has gotten himself into sore trouble by the issue of paper money—as all governments and individuals do—confers upon Faust the desired tract of land on the sea, in consideration of eminent services rendered by Faust, Mephisto, and the "three powerful ones" in a decisive battle. In the sketch of this battle Goethe has also followed tradition. The story of Wagner, Faust's familiar, tells how Wagner helped the Duke of Vienna against the Turks by enlisting three devils in the Christian army, whose terrific feats of arms caused the defeat of the Turks.*

Having thus obtained his tract of land, Faust, in the fifth act, is presented to us in his new-built city; still dissatisfied as ever, though now hurrying toward the end of his tragedy. The poetical means used by Goethe to prepare the reader for this end are admirable. As in a symphony, after the melody has seemed almost lost in its varied elaboration, it gradually returns, clearer and clearer, until at the close it resounds in the very same strains, but with fuller harmony, so in the fifth act the previous elaborate versification suddenly ceases, and rhythm and rhyme flow again in wonderful beauty, as in the First Part of the tragedy. The whole poem returns into itself, goes back to the first scenes of *Faust*, nay, to the prologue. This return—this recurrence of what has gone before—this marvellous power of the refrain, has it not the same character in every art, in the fluting of the column as in the elaboration of a theme in music, and whether it be called symmetry, harmony, refrain, melody, rhythm, or rhyme?

Thus, in the very first scene of the fifth act the natural and easy flow of melody and grace of sentiment which pervaded the First Part is heard again; and when Faust himself reappears, "in highest age," he is the same querulous, egotistic man whom we first met in the student's chamber, professing great aspirations, and weak when called upon to realize them. Professedly cursing the witchcraft he employs, yet continuing to use it. "If I could but remove magic from my path, could but utterly forget the charms of sorcery, could but stand before thee, O nature! a man and only a man—Oh! then it might well be worth while to be a man." Even the devil seems to become disgusted; and very ungenerously allows "Care" to blind his friend—for which blindness, let us confess, there appears no motive; and the magnificent scene between "Care" and Faust seems somewhat spoiled by this ending—nay, Mephisto even kindly volunteers to dig his tiresome friend's grave. It is a pitiful end to which Faust has come; a sad and pitiful end. In a tragedy such an end would be an insupportable blemish; in this poem it is a great beauty; for contemptible criminal as Faust is, all his defects are thus suggested to have been but defects of error and weakness; and in his inmost heart there is suggested to be ever glowing an unconscious reverence for the good, noble, and true. It is this ineradicable goodness, this origi-

nal divine nature, which all his crimes could not destroy, that prevents the devil from obtaining a firm hold on him, and that secures to Faust somewhat of our compassion. But somewhat only, because, being unconscious in him, it is scarcely expressed. Hence, when he appears in the last scene, groping his way in the dark, energetically urging his men to complete the great canal which is to make his chosen spot a great future commercial metropolis, and lost in the noble visions to which his words give rise, exclaiming, "Oh! then might I say to the moment, Remain, thou art so beautiful,"—we feel that the soul of Faust is not lost; although he has done nothing to merit its salvation. Mephisto may try his most effective charms; the chorus of angels, which sang comfort to Faust on the Easter Morning of the First Part, dispel by strains of the same exquisite measure the influence of the demon, and vanish with the immortal part of Faust.

Such is the Second Part of the tragedy of *Faust*, which by this addition has become a great, even the greatest, of all poems. For both in value of subject and in artistic representation of its subject this poem surpasses all known works of art literature. Calderon's subjects are, at times, perhaps equally grand, extensive, and sublime; but his powers of artistic representation are inferior. Shakespeare is certainly unsurpassable, but by remaining, like a true dramatist, within the limits of the drama, his subjects never furnished him occasion to show the greater artistic powers which a subject like that of *Faust* demands. No scenes like the Easter Morning, or Gretchen in the cathedral, or the rescue of Faust's soul by the angels, were possible in any of Shakespeare's dramas.

These are not mere arbitrary assertions; they result from the conception of art. The object of art is both to beautify the given, and to beautify the means; to liberate the contemplating mind. An artist takes hold of some subject, whether of nature or of human history, etc., and works it out according to the character of his art. In thus beautifying the subject he removes all its eccentric and peculiar outgrowths, one by one, until the whole subject appears in perfect conformity with universal reason. In the process of reaching this conformity the artist *freed* himself from the internal influences of the subject as such, and this *freeing himself* is the source of the exquisite pleasure which artists experience when engaged in their work. When the conformity is reached, he feels himself perfectly free, of course, only so far as the subject extends; and the same sense of freedom is awakened by the work of art in every beholder, reader, or hearer, again, only so far as the subject extends; and this is the reason why a work of art—other conditions being equal—must produce greater pleasure the higher and nobler its subject is. We all long for complete self-determination; even our feeling of dependence upon God we desire to be the effect of a free resolve. To awaken a glimpse of this complete, absolute freedom within us is the object of all art, and in so far as this freedom is happiness, or pleasure, the object of all art is to produce pleasure within us. We do obtain a glimpse of that freedom in the very lowest work of art; an ornament, a simple tune, may awaken it. But it grows as the work of art reaches a higher order of beauty. Our whole soul trembles as with the presentiment of a supreme ecstasy, and we feel driven onward to grasp it. All art leaves us in this unrest, for it ever impels onward to higher perfection and to reach greater bliss. The higher the subject is which the artist has chosen the wider is the sphere of that freedom of the soul, and the greater is the ecstasy of self-determination. Hence, the epilogue to *Faust*, rising as it does to the very highest subject of the human soul, so completely delivers us from all earthly incongruities, so utterly dissolves us in freedom, that no higher degree seems possible of attainment.

For there is an epilogue to this poem—as Goethe also, after the completion of the First Part, wrote the famous prologue to it, which then became in a measure the connecting link between the two parts,—an epilogue which reaches a still higher degree of beauty than any other part of the poem, for the very highest powers of the artist were required to give fit expression to the conception of this epilogue. Like the prologue, this epilogue carries us into Heaven; but that heaven is no longer the abstract heaven with God and his archangels which in true mediæval fashion opened the poem, but the concrete Christian heaven, the heaven of earthly souls, the heaven of the sainted men of history—of Antonius the Egyptian hermit, of Bernard de Clairveaux, of Francis of Assisi, and of Duns Scotus,—and of the saintly women of the Gospels—of Mary Magdalen, of Mary the

Egyptian, of the Samaritan woman, and, above all, of the glorious Mother-Virgin herself; as well as of the more imperfectly developed earthly souls and children angels. It is with awe we remember that the great poet wrote this scene but very shortly before his own soul was called to enter it. In poetry there is nothing more beautiful in versification and melody, more profound in significance, or more artistic in arrangement. The highest effect is reached when Gretchen, the true heroine of the poem, returns to plead in the same melodious strains for her lover in which she implored the Virgin's grace for herself in the First Part of the tragedy.

A LETTER TO A LIBERAL THINKER.

THE following letter has been offered us for publication under the impression that it might interest others beside the person to whom it was addressed. The latter is a scholar and thinker, and a refined, thoughtful writer, who takes relaxation from studious in-door work in agricultural enjoyments and the improvement of helpful animal breeds. In his letter—to which this is an answer—this gentleman had thrown out paradoxical hints, and started distrusts, to pique and prompt his present correspondent.—ED. ROUND TABLE.

MY DEAR —: When, to provide winter food for your cattle, you plant turnips, you look sharply to the seed; and when they are sprouted you do your best to have them grow thriftily from week to week, from month to month, so that they may be most fully attained their end as healthful bovine nutriment. You overlook their whole life, and at the very first stage your thought runs to the last, each successive stage being a step in a progression. The same with your sheep. You strive for the best breeds to begin with, that the final outcome of wool or mutton may be satisfying. Every day of each individual animal is a preparation for the following day, an advancement upon the preceding.

For your little boy this provident looking ahead is still more eager, and far more comprehensive; and while you are ever watchful that each day shall be a solid basis for tomorrow, your imaginations are leaping forward to his school-days, his college-days, his manhood, his wedding-day, his ripeness and success. The present is father to the future, is ever shaping it. By a logical bond, indissoluble, the two are bound together; and the higher, the more life-saturated, the more significant and prophetic the being of the creature is, the more pregnant is the bond, and the more precious each link in its inseparable enchainment. Your life is a palpitating, categorical continuity (that has an Alemanic smack that you will like), each consecutive joint of it a transmitter of the past to the future, its earlier throbs as necessarily linked to the later as are the flashes of the two termini of a telegraphic cable. The end cannot be sundered from the beginning. And when and where is the end?

In your interesting, suggestive letter of March 10 you say: "I would willingly leave unsolved all the questions of the life to come if any teacher would tell me how to settle those of this life." But is not to-morrow, next month, next year, a part of our life to come? The man who is indifferent to what is to happen to him next week or next year is likely to find himself, by-and-by, in the poor-house; for if he neglects to look providently toward his life to come, this will be done for him; it *must* be done by somebody. A turnip's life reaches its end in six months, a sheep's in as many years, and a man's its earthly end in as many decades. They who guard his childhood, if they are good guardians, have ever in mind his future stages, his life to come. "In bringing up a child think of its old age," says deep Joubert. Is a man's life like a turnip's or a sheep's, to end here, "on this shoal of time," in dust? Is a man but a brain-crowned *corpus*, temporarily endued with volition and ratiocination and imagination and aspiration? After getting rid of this body, I should not like to find myself in the poor-house of spirits.

"What has religion to do with Heaven?" you ask. Religion is the wakefulness of those sensibilities which bind our present being to its future trans-earthly being, involving thus a consciousness and acknowledgement of, and a submission to, the vast invisible creative might that encompasses us. Sensation, caution, and intellect combine to watch providently over our bodies; religion performs a like office for our souls. As sensation warns us against what is hurtful to body, spiritual sensibility warns us what is hurtful to soul, especially in the life which is to come after the fleshly envelope shall have been cast. The being of the body implies shape and size; the being of the soul implies religious appetite. If we have souls, or, to speak more philosophically, if we are souls, we must be religious; that is, we must feel ourselves coupled to the Infinite Soul, must be liable to be prompted to aspire toward the Eternal, be ever capable of feeling that we are in a sublime, unimaginably resplendent presence, be subject to moods of admiration and awe at thought of the invisible Almightiness. Men are spirits. Their being spirits gives them this transcendent privilege. Had they it not, they were not spirits, and might adopt as their creed the saying of one of the sprightly interlocutors in Beaumarchais' famous comedy, the *Marriage de Figaro*: "Boire quand on n'a pas soif, faire l'amour en tous temps—il n'y a que ça qui nous distingue des autres bêtes."

* See *The Second Report of Dr. John Faustus, containing his Appearances and the Death of Wagner*. From the edition of 1894. London, 1828. This *Second Report* also mentions another remarkable deed of Wagner. In the year 1540, on a fine summer day, Wagner is therein said to have gathered the citizens of Wittenberg together in an open meadow, and to have caused to be represented before their eyes the wonderful tragedy of Faust. A rainbow appeared in the sky and encircled as it were the scene of the tragedy. Sweet music was heard. On the one side of the heavenly stage, the angels with the King of Heaven were seen; and on the other side, the devil with his legions. These phantasms represented in the sky the conflict between Heaven and Hell over Faust's soul. The angels did their best, but the devil got the upperhand, pounced upon Faust, and with a terrible crash the whole show, stage, devils, and angels, disappeared. The Wittenbergers, thinking the last day had come, ran home as fast as they could, and then discovered that the whole show had been a trick practised upon them by Wagner, *i. e.*, that he had mesmerized them and made them believe they were seeing what really they did not see.

Wordsworth's wish, which he applied to his life on earth,

"And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety,"

should embrace our whole life, so that from the earth-stage we may pass without jar or fall or disappointment to the ultra-earth stage.

"They end not here, our appetites—
On earth they but begin;
For though our bodies rot, their rights
Survive as bliss or sin.

"A marriage deep, without divorce,
Is that of spirit and flesh,
And from the cold relapsing corpse
Springs life for ever fresh.

"The body's members are no toys
For the soul's sublunary play;
But counters that, in griefs or joys,
Sum what the soul must pay.

"How fruitful is the littleness
Wherewith our souls are vexed,
When acorns of this world express
Oaks rooted in the next."

You refer to the vexing and vexing problem of the existence of evil. Could we get a view of our world from a high enough point, might we not possibly discover that there is nothing absolutely evil? By aid of the microscope our physical vision finds beauty in mouldiest clods, wonders in duller matter. Were our moral vision similarly armed, might not that look globular and symmetrical which now seems flat and deformed, that useful which now seems obstructive, that attractive which is now repulsive, that beneficent which now looks malignant? In the bounded view we commonly get we often find that what we thought a calamity proves a benefaction. What we call evil is *always* a consequence of a breach of law. To tell your son that his toothache is caused by the breaking of a physiological law by him, or his parents, or his grandparents, will not, to be sure, check the pain; nor do I think the toothache a spiritual lever. But man can learn—and it is the most fruitful of his lessons—that law is absolute, and in its aim beneficent; that aim being, along with growth, stability, conservation, improvement. Whichever way we turn we are met by law, and we soon perceive that law is uniform and irresistible, and that we prosper in proportion as we conform ourselves to its behests. Could we always submit us to law, physically, morally, intellectually, spiritually, we should be completely prosperous. Law is an ever-active ideal, above us, around us, correcting us, guiding us, cultivating us, inviting us, exalting us. The nations and the individuals that have discovered and that obey the most and deepest laws are the most advanced and the wisest and best.

But why are not all laws laid bare in a way that we could know and obey them all, and thus escape suffering? This would be making the earth a Methodist heaven. How would you like to do nought but sing hallelujahs for seventy years? Let us all be made perfect, and we should have no goal beyond us, no summit above us to climb at, no motive to movement, and thence no joy in mental life, whose great spring and privilege is activity, aim, projection, progress, and whose greatest delight is to grasp something out of the unknown and add it to the known. To be aye reaching up for a higher, to be open for ever to new revelations, to grow unceasingly—such is the birthright of man. What a destiny! how vast, how beautiful! What various and boundless range of life! Mere animals have only a sensuous, sensual range, and that momentary and short. Your favorite ram can only see from one field to another; you can behold stars that are so far off their light has been thousands of years in coming to the earth; and in thought you can travel beyond the visible spheres, and you can think of and believe in a happy end hereafter. That men can so believe is the subtlest proof of their spirituality and immortality. In a sound mind is there an anticipation that cannot be fulfilled?

Don't distress yourself because "the big fish eat the little fish, and the little fish eat mud." Their mode of life and of death is accommodated to their sensibilities. Mud is as grateful to the palate of the fish that eats it as woodcock is to yours; and woodcock is after all but a cunning elaboration of mud. But why so much death? Why this terrible catastrophe? Wherefore die at all? Because without daily removal by death the surface of the earth would grow encumbered with matter, and thus would get to be a moving dung-heap. Besides, death being "most in apprehension," animals escape the worst of it; and as it is seen that men who have suffered from this apprehension meet death calmly and without fear, we may infer that it is made easy to animals. And to men it has been made fearful chiefly by shallow, spurious, extravagant, *infernal* (don't miss the pun) theologies. Death is not a catastrophe; it is not a coming to an end. It is a crisis of change, a bridge of transition into another state. In the case of animals, it is logical transformation; in the case of man, it is logical promotion.

The creative almightiness and sufficiency manifest themselves in *Law*. Law is perfection. It is no sign of "deficiency of power" in the creative mind that we and all about us are created imperfect. Imperfection is demanded for what constitutes the life of life, progression, the joy of change, the delight of improvement, the exhilaration of ascent. Law, being perfect, is ever beckoning us toward perfection. Human life could not be lived without hope; and hope implies a something brighter and better and happier in the future, and implies therefore a present imperfection and a growth out of it. Imperfection is the ground

whence spring up stimulants to motion, to activity, to aspiration. Without imperfection there were no expectation, no curiosity, no color, no ecstasy, on earth neither smiles nor tears, neither comedy nor tragedy.

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity."

Were life pure white it would be monotonous, tedious, lifeless, beside being invisible.

Toward the end of your letter you say, "cannot you write me a few lines, comforting and instructive." When you wrote these words you violated a law—that of prudence; and so you are visited with the evil of these many pages. Look out, when you walk among rattlesnakes, not to break this law again, but provide yourself against "the serpent's tooth" with thick leggings; for the serpent has as much right to his venom as man has to his, and ejects it less malignantly. Although the instrument for your correction as a law-breaker, I am

Sincerely yours,

CEBES.

THE LEGAL TENDERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Your interesting article on *The Supreme Court and the Legal-Tender Act*, in your journal of 19th inst., tempts me to address you on the same subject, and I shall hope that your perception of the terrible consequences which would result from declaring the act unconstitutional—as I believe it was—will dispose you to look favorably upon any plan which will enable us to secure the desired return to the specie standard and still escape the financial crisis which would follow such a change in the modes hitherto proposed.

You will agree with me, I think, that the inevitable effect of a return to the old standard would be the reduction in the prices of all our property from 140 in currency to 100 in gold, and that reduction would be equal in many, if not in most, cases to all the debt owned in addition to his liabilities.

So large a proportion of our people are debtors in one way or another, especially at the West, where they always owe us, that it is idle to expect any action by Congress which shall go to increase the amount actually to be paid.

We can debase our coinage, as we have done repeatedly, and finally substitute for gold, which costs labor and has commercial value, paper, which has no value, and thus in each case make it easier for the debtor to pay what he owes. But, when we talk of resumption, which he sees plainly would require him to pay more instead of less, he refuses; and you may be certain that human nature is strong enough to defeat any plan for resumption which does not contain at least a provision for the integrity of contracts existing at the date the standard of payment is changed.

It has always seemed to me the simplest folly to make any change in our standard without this provision, because unless we do either the debtor or the creditor is wronged just to the extent of the change, and you may be certain that where the debtors are in a majority and have the power they will see that the standard is not raised at their expense. No, no! You can't do that. I have been urging our people, as far as I have been able to reach them, to insist that Congress should repeal the legal-tender act, which would at once bring us back to the old standard, providing at the same time that all contracts existing and payable in currency should be paid when due at their value in gold at the date of change.

This, it seems to me, is the simplest common sense and common honesty, as it does not change the relation between debtors and creditors; the actual value, or purchasing power, of both assets and liabilities remaining as before, each being reduced to the specie standard, or from 140 in paper to 100 in gold, or its equivalent in some other commodity.

The legal tenders are worth to the holders not 100 in specie, but 70; and at that rate they should be put on compound interest till funded or paid, and taken out of the way. As a currency, to be used as money in place of coin, they are a *stupid humbug*, as is all government paper founded upon or being itself debt, and should never have been issued at all except on interest. Take them out of the way, and also all the national bank notes upon the same terms, and then give us a truly national, free banking act, leaving all portions of the country to issue as many notes as can be redeemed promptly from day to day in specie funds at the natural trade centres to which they flow; and then you will have a currency which has its foundation on the commerce of the country by which it is created, and to which it will always unerringly adapt itself like any other instrument or effect dependent upon its proper cause.

This country can easily carry, or use, 1,000 millions of bank notes, and the bankers, as our agents in issuing them, can afford to give us the most ample security for their uniform currency over the whole country, their prompt convertibility at the trade centres, and pay at least forty millions per annum into the general treasury for a fair proportion of the profit on the circulation. And they could and should give us new, clean, handsome notes, great and small, as often as required, in place of old, worn-out, filthy rags, such as most of the notes we get now are. *Perfectly shameful!*

I speak advisedly when I say, after more than forty years' observation of our New England or Suffolk system, and

nearly thirty years' more or less intimate association with the financial department of our state government, that the whole question of banking and currency must be changed and perfect freedom allowed in regard to amount of capital, notes issued, and specie kept on hand, and then we shall know what we are about, as now we do not.

But I will not tire you with my views any further now, though I should be glad if you will look at an article in *The Radical* for August, and, after correcting some errors which escaped the proof-reader, say if it is not mainly true. You will find it on page 108, and I shall hope that if you do not comprehend what I have said here that article may help you out, and perhaps persuade you that Congress better than the Supreme Court can help us out of this dilemma. I do not think we can open the past as the court would, but I do believe the future can be provided for safely.

Truly yours,

DAVID WILDER.

STATE HOUSE, Boston, Sept. 24, 1868.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH CARDINALS.*

A MORE flagrant case of book-making than this we have rarely encountered. And yet Mr. Williams's offence is not that of the ordinary book-maker. He has spared himself no labor in the manufacture of his book; on the contrary, he has grubbed with tremendous diligence among the historical accumulations of the British Museum, and has brought out such acquisitions as quite overwhelm him. The general effect of his work resembles that of Kitty Fagan, the Irish protector provided by Dr. Holmes for Myrtle Hazard, who was "huddled together in such amorphous guise that she looked as if she had been fitted in a tempest of petticoats and a whirlwind of old shawls." It is as if Mr. Williams's memory and his note-book had been exposed when the fountains of the great deep of monkish legend and mediæval history were broken up, had become thoroughly saturated by the deluge of facts precipitated upon them, and had found, by the grace of the publisher, an Ararat whereon they might be spread out and dried, and sent forth for the delight of men. The perviousness of our author's mind to whatever facts chance to fall upon it, its utter inability to shed those which are not of the least good to the subject under cultivation, adding only to its weight and not to its fertility, are quite remarkable. Mr. Williams's store, to change the metaphor, is that of an indiscriminating virtuoso who estimates the value of his acquisitions by the labor they have cost him—the array of foot-notes testifies that a bewildering range and bulk of reading have gone into the making of the book,—who disposes his facts in an imposing array, perfectly irrespective of any connection among themselves, strolls around quite aimlessly though admiringly among them, complacent at having amassed so many, and hugging himself whenever fortune provides an addition to their number. It is impossible not to feel impatience that so much diligence in getting together should be unaccompanied by taste and judgement in selection and rejection, by knowledge how to dispose and genius to combine. It is even provoking that the information had not got into the hands of somebody capable of utilizing it, in whose mind the straggling, fortuitous parts would have taken shape as a coherent whole.

The subject and the plan of the author are admirable. As he justly observes in his preface: "The accumulation of secular employments in talented and enterprising churchmen gives the *Lives of the Cardinals* an unusually large element of historical interest. They flourished not only as spiritual princes, but as leading statesmen, distinguished diplomatists, dashing commanders, clever financiers, and pre-eminent judges. . . . Theirs is a career that united the advantages of all professions, insured the most prized distinctions in Church and State, and exercised an influence that could not be acquired in any position of worldly dignity." So large is the part played in history by many of those who come within the scope of our author's title—Breakspear, Langton, Morton, Wolsey, Pole—that one heartily assents to his proposition that "an attempt to fill an unoccupied niche in literature with so attractive a group of historical characters . . . will not prove unacceptable to many readers." But at a very early period it begins to dawn upon one that a great deal depends upon the manner

* *Lives of the English Cardinals; including Historical Notices of the Papal Court, from Nicholas Breakspear (Pope Adrian IV.) to Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal Legate.* By Folkestone Williams, author of *The Court and Times of James I., The Court and Times of Charles I., Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, etc., etc.* 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; London: Wm. H. Allen & Co. 1868.

of the attempt, and that, to many readers, the present one is likely to prove very unacceptable indeed. Perhaps the most objectionable characteristic of the work is that it gives only secondary attention to its ostensible subject. Where the career of a Cardinal is already pretty well known, Mr. Williams usually tells us a good deal about him; where it has been obscure, obscure it remains, and the chapter to which it gives title is filled with the doings of contemporaries which we have long been acquainted with. Thirty-eight pages, for example, are devoted to the chapter bearing the names of Cardinals Bozon (not Nicholas) Breakspear and Herebert de Bosham (Book I., chap. iv.): in the first two of these pages are allusions to Breakspear, ten lines of poetry written by him, an enumeration of his works, which have perished, and a conjecture that he "must have figured in the great events" of his time, and with that he disappears. Then we have thirty-two pages of the contests of Alexander III., Henry II., and Thomas à Becket (who was not a cardinal), and the murder and canonization of that turbulent, vain-glorious prelate. Then Bosham, the other nominal joint-proprietor of the chapter, gets twelve lines, which show that nothing in particular is known about him, and the remaining two pages are filled with incongruous names and dates of dignitaries whose existence is little better than questionable.

In brief, the twelve chapters of the first volume bear the names of eleven cardinals: of these only the ones devoted to Nicholas Breakspear, afterward Pope Adrian IV., and to Cardinal Langton, who headed the movement of the barons which wrested *Magna Charta* from King John at Runnymede—careers which it would be impossible to slight—make even the semblance of confining themselves to their subject. Having put up the name of his professed hero, just as a quarterly reviewer quotes the title of a book to which afterwards he scarce makes reference, Mr. Williams keeps himself in the belief that he is writing a *Life* of his Cardinal by now and then establishing a point of contact with his story at some transaction, of which the Cardinal *may* have been a witness, and then gets back to the exhibition of his facts. The latter is at all times the paramount point. Whosoever history it may turn out to be, the book at least must be a vent through which its author can relieve himself of the vast amount of his desultory and undigested reading, and every name, date, or fact of which he has become possessed—whether authentic or pertinent is a matter of indifference—must be got in at all hazards, especially when it affords a pretext for the introduction of an impressive reference or an erudite foot-note. Yet he is averse to allow his function as a biographer to pass out of sight for more than ten or a dozen pages at a time, and to reconcile his divergent objects he adopts the expedient of an ingenious kind of hypothetical narration. What the cardinal certainly did or saw may have very little connection with Mr. Williams's knowledge, which, if unburdened on these points only, would be suppressed to an extent quite unendurable; but what the cardinal may be supposed to have done or seen, or at least to have heard about or to have had concealed from him, this is boundless and admits everything. It is in this way that the Breakspear chapter comes to be about à Becket; and that, because John of Toledo "attached himself to the Papacy, and *must have witnessed* the operation of those influences which affected it during twenty years," his chapter is made to treat of the fortunes of "the Pope and his cardinals, including Cardinal John," who is, in fact, a mere stalking-horse, the real actor being Bishop Grosstête, whose attempted reformations of the English Church must certainly have been among "those influences" which Cardinal John "must have witnessed." Cardinal le Poule—whose name is so uncertain that we are offered our choice among seven forms of it, Pulleyn, which is not among the seven, being, perhaps, the best known—fares in the same way: he was chancellor, and "the cardinal chancellor *must have been aware* that the sale of indulgences and masses was an excellent source of revenue;" although "very little of his personal history at Rome or elsewhere has been preserved," yet "during the time he served the papal see he *must have witnessed* important events;" he "*was probably* with the papal army when it marched against Tivoli;" "he *doubtless was also* among the Pope's counsellors who prevented its destruction;" at the council at Rheims "the English cardinal *was doubtless an auditor* of the grand discussion on realism and nominalism that there took place"—and so on, each supposition opening the way for as much erudition as Mr. Williams is pleased to produce or to suggest. To what completeness of expansibility this sort of thing can be brought is best exemplified by the chapter on Cardi-

nal Langham. On the score that "*doubtless intelligence came to him* of the pleasant life enjoyed by the brilliant circle of prelates who formed the council of Clement VI., and of the fascinations of the earthly Paradise they had created in their new quarters in sunny Avignon," it appears that, "to afford even a faint approach to an idea of this memorable illustration, we must transport the reader to a suit of magnificent apartments, . . . where all that was deemed pre-eminent in mediæval splendor," etc., etc. This being settled, the way is opened for nine pages of G.-P.-R.-James-like description of the habitués and visitors of the place,—of Richard de Bury, of whom a sketch is given, together with the argument of his *Philobiblos*; an account of the company assembled there, with extracts from romance poems of the time descriptive of toilettes; sketches of ecclesiastical characters; of Petrarch and Laura, the works of the poet having been "*doubtless in request* with Gregory and his principal counsellors." And so forth. With just as much propriety may our author, when he comes to Cardinal Wiseman, avail himself of that prelate's custom of reading the newspapers to introduce an extended account of the American civil war.

Padding of this kind is, of course, quite incompatible with anything like historical thoroughness, as well from the frivolity of mind and absorption in petty detail it evinces as from the mere consideration of the inevitable bulk, quickly absorbing even the two portly octavos before us. Beside that, the author is entirely devoid of any notion of the requirements or responsibility of history. To tell the story of the Papacy, or even of its position at any given period, demands familiarity with that of all Christendom; and Mr. Williams makes woeful lapses even in the history of his own country. His tremendous reading is of no avail; for he has evidently read without a plan, devouring whatever chanced to come before him, but going in quest of none of the essential things that chanced to be out of his way, and taking no measures to assure himself of the completeness of his knowledge with reference to the subject on which it is meant to bear. So, attaching equal weight to all evidence, from whatever quarter, he puts it all, unsifted, into his book. That his learning is at second-hand we are not prepared to say, though it is sometimes the case that acquaintance with the works he cites would have saved him from misstatements of facts and of motives. But his prime fault—one but for which he could never have had the temerity to essay this task—is a lack of any sense of the need of completeness. Thus, more than half of his second volume is devoted to Cardinal Wolsey, and although—thanks in no small degree to Mr. Froude—it is much the best part of his work, and gives a pretty faithful picture of that great statesman, setting forth not only his wonderful genius, but the real honest dealing by his master and his country for which he has not had credit, yet there is no such statement of the causes of his disfavor and downfall as would satisfy even a child, and the whole affair of Henry's first divorce, and of Anne Boleyn, is shamefully fragmentary.

THE LAW OF THE ROAD.*

IN what are often called the good old days of stage-coaches the law of the road formed an important title in jurisprudence, and although the introduction of steam and the consequent extension of railroads to almost every point of travel have robbed the subject of some of its more romantic features, its importance has not been lessened, but, on the contrary, enhanced. It may be that courts nowadays are called upon to adjudicate fewer cases of damages by collision on ordinary carriage ways, but the railroad interest has furnished more than enough litigation to restore the balance.

Few Americans are aware that the rule, which seems to be an instinct rather than a conventional law, by which persons meeting on the road or foot-path keep to the right, and thus avoid contact with each other, or with each other's vehicles, rests in this country upon positive statutory enactment, and in some of the states any infraction of the law is punished by fine. In England the rule of the road is exactly the reverse; there each person keeps to the left, and there the rule is law not by force of an act of Parliament, but by force of immemorial usage. How we came to abandon a rule that was well established in England when this country was first settled is not very clear. It was abandoned, however, and as we adopted the common law, and, of course, with the

common law, the English rule of keeping to the left, statutes became necessary to change it. To us keeping to the right seems the natural thing to do, but to the English the other way seems the same. It has always been a rule with sailors to keep to the right, or starboard, when passing, except under certain conditions of wind, when the rule was obviated. We think it probable that in this may be found the cause of the change in our rule of the road. The early settlers of New England were almost all sailors and fishermen, and a great many nautical phrases and usages have crept into our language and habits from this source. We still say get "on board" the cars, and we call merchandise being transported by land "freight." Both words are unmitigated sea phrases, not used at all, in the manner we apply them, in England. We think it quite likely, then, that the rule of the sea-way became the natural rule to the inhabitants of New England; and as the country was further settled almost invariably along rivers or other navigable waters, the frontiersman, who was half the year a boatman and the other half a teamster, could see no good reason for having to keep two sets of rules in his head, and so adopted the sea rule as being the one most generally known and understood.

Writing of highways recalls to memory many quaint old-fashioned pictures of the England of long ago. The Canterbury pilgrims emerging from the Tabard Inn; Gadshill, with puffing Jack Falstaff swearing he would rob no more afoot; dashing Mr. Turpin, on his blooded black mare, stopping the stage-coach on Hounslow Heath, and taking the purses of the passengers with the air of a prince, kissing his hand gallantly to the ladies and declining to despoil them of their jewels. Such robbery seems to have been shorn of all its most revolting features, and to leave nothing but the romance of crime behind. Not so thought the Parliament of England, *temp.* Henry VIII., when it enacted that for robbery in or near the king's highway the culprit should not have the benefit of clergy. Thus it came to pass that when the indictment contained the words "*in vel prope altam viam regiam*," and the jury were so little impressed with the velvet suit and lace ruffles of the gentleman at the bar as to render a verdict of guilty, Mr. Turpin had to ride another journey than from York to London—the dreary journey up to Tyburn, with poor expectation of entertainment when he got there. But to do Mr. Turpin justice, he rode his last journey quite as defiantly and as gayly as was his wont. With these glimpses of the long ago come, too, pictures of the time not so very far distant—times that our fathers remember, and that yet gleam through the pages of Dickens. The spanking four-horse team, the jolly driver, the saturnine guard, the insides and the out-sides, the turnpike, the lumbering up hill, the halt, the drag on the wheel, the spirited dash into the town, the horn of the guard, the waiting horses, the busy hostlers, the sedate, white-aproned waiter in the inn-door, and Mary—the modest-looking, tidy, handy bar-maid Mary, who could mix you a glass of flip, ah! so rarely.

But alas! we have to do with such scenes no more. No more cases in which it is necessary to visit that Inn and examine Mary as a witness. We have to deal, instead, with the rights of railroad companies to lay rails in the highway; to discuss whether rivers which are navigable above tide-water are the private property of the riparian owner or the state; to decide whether the owner of the river bank has the exclusive right of fishing *usque ad filum aquae*, or his right only a *common of piscary*; and whether the right to navigate the stream carries with it the right to use as a tow-path the adjacent land. Such questions as these are what the modern lawyer will have to deal with respecting highways, and he will find that there is plenty of work for him, although it may not be as enticing work as the older questions would be. Mr. Angell's book has been long and favorably known to the profession, and Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have laid us under obligations by furnishing a new edition. In it we find all the later cases collated and arranged, and henceforth there will be a great saving of labor in examining this important title of the law.

LIBRARY TABLE.

ASMODEUS IN NEW YORK. New York: Longchamps & Co. 1868.—After the manner of Le Sage, the writer of the present work is supposed to take a peep at New York under the guidance of Asmodeus, to note all that he sees and hears, and to publish the result of his observations for the gratification of his readers. The plan is not a bad one, but the result is by no means satisfactory,

* *A Treatise on the Law of Highways.* By Joseph K. Angell and Thomas Durfee. Second edition, with notes and references to the later cases, by George F. Choate. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1868.

and the glimpses which the "little devil" affords his *companion de voyage* of our great city are not calculated to produce upon the mind of a stranger a just or favorable opinion of our people. Without questioning in all instances the truth of the incidents we find here narrated, we cannot withhold a regret that the author's sphere of observation has been so limited as only to include such phases of life as are justly amenable to censure. As a picture of American society the book is one-sided; it would give a stranger the impression that religion, morality, the domestic virtues, and all the graces of life have departed from among us, and are replaced by gross indulgence in vulgar vices; and not only that, to use the author's own language, "corruption has thoroughly wormed itself into the institutions of the United States," but that the entire social structure is rotten to the core. In the account of the *soirée* at the house of one Madame Killer we find the following remarkable statements:

"Most of those men who so often appreciate the good things served around by the waiters are wealthy merchants, lawyers, and physicians. I even recognize among them a few magistrates and legislators. They have accompanied their wives; and some even have brought their daughters to this dreadful house, where some unfortunate woman is, perhaps, dying in the upper story, and paying with her life the violation of nature's laws. Some guests have come through curiosity, attracted by the splendors of a residence opened for the first time to the gaze of strangers. Others have availed themselves of the opportunity of gayly spending here a few idle hours, and do not trouble themselves with the Amphytrions' respectability. Lastly, many guests did not deem it safe to decline Madame Killer's invitation; for that Thug of society holds in her hands the honor of hundreds of families, and it would be dangerous to arouse her resentment."

In his description of prominent lawyers the author confines himself to a few noted individuals who will be easily recognized, and he takes advantage of a visit to the courts of law to express himself unreservedly concerning the bench as well as the bar. He says:

"As regards the judicial system of the United States, it is really a labyrinth, where only people well posted in chicanery may safely pick their way."

There can be no doubt that if judges are chosen by the populace they must court the populace, and, therefore, be deprived of the independence which would give weight and character to their decisions. The Common Council is no less severely handled by Asmodeus, who naturally passes from the presence of that august body to the gambling table, where he meets generals, lawyers, editors, and others, whose names he is careful to suppress, but who may at once be identified by the episodes in their lives which the public, as well as Asmodeus, know only too well. The next visit of the stranger and his attendant sprite is to the newspaper office, which he reaches about the middle of the volume, and where we shall take respectful leave of him, with the following quotation from his remarks about the press:

"For the Press, which is the fourth power of the state in some countries of Europe, is incontestably the first in America. The Press is the principal means that helps elect the Presidents of the republic, to secure their re-election or cause their defeat. It designates the members of their cabinet, influences the votes of the legislators, dictates the judgments of the courts of law, declares war and concludes peace. Its voice constantly resounds and its activity is untiring. There is not a hamlet where it is not welcomed; no question it does not raise; no problem it does not solve. It creates and destroys reputations, and breaks in pieces to-day the idol it worshipped yesterday. Fond of excitement, as sensitive as the ichneumon, as teasing as a spoiled child, impatient of control, crushing all competitors; in short, as despotic as an Indian potentate—such is the Press in the United States."

Lilliput Levee: Poems of Childhood, Child-Fancy, and Child-like Moods; with the addition of several new poems, written expressly for this edition. New York: George Routledge & Sons. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Alexander Strahan & Co., and George Routledge & Sons. 1868.—This is a very cheap English edition of a book which we have so often praised already as to make it needless to say more than that we find it in its new dress quite as charming as in its old. Unpatriotic as it may be, candor compels us to admit that the English edition is superior in point of typographical beauty to its American rival, beside which it has the incalculable advantage of no less than eight brand-new poems written expressly for it. They are scarcely so good as the majority of the old ones; they somehow lack the spontaneity and freshness of the rest, as if the would-be laureates had been the least bit sleepy during their composition; but their inferiority is apparent only after reading the delicious absurdities of *Stalky Jack* or *Topsy-Turvy World*, the delicate humor of *Polly*, or the dainty picturing of *The First of June*. Read by itself, only the most fastidious Lilliputian could find fault with this little ballad about

"THE FLY ON THE PANE.

"There's a little mill a-going,
I have heard its whirr again."
"No, 'tis but the blue-fly
Buzzing on the pane."
"Tis not a fly, but fairy,
Such as dance in charmed rings—
A wee, elfish miller,
With a wheel beneath his wings!
"And his grist is the sunshine,
Which through the window there
Into golden meal is powdered,
That dances in the air."

Here is another that is not to be sneezed at when they come to choose the Laureate. It is called

"WHEN MY SHIPS COME HOME

"When my ships come home from sea,
Oh! how happy I shall be.

And my little darlings, too,
Lorimer, and Bess, and Sue,
They shall share and share with me—
When my ships come home from sea.

"Lori shall have a silver hoop,
And a whistle of yellow gold,
And, every marble an agate,
More marbles than he can hold:
Never a boy so glad as he—
When my ships come home from sea.

"And what shall Bessie have?
A comb of mother-of-pearl;
A diamond rose to wear in her hair,
And never a queen alive shall wear
Such robes as my sweet girl!
Many a kiss she'll give to me—
When my ships come home from sea.

Susie shall have a Paris doll
That winks with a knowing air,
And dishes of real China,
And such a love of a chair!
Oh! how happy all will be—
When my ships come home from sea."

"When will my ships come home from sea?
As near as I remember,
When the rose of June shall be blowing
In the cold winds of December;
Or when the snow of December
Drifts in the buds of June;
At twelve o'clock at mid-day,
Under the light of the moon.
Come to me then, wherever you be,
Be sure, if sleeping, to waken me—
For then my ships are coming from sea."

There is a certain resemblance in the last stanza to two lines in one of Mr. Swinburne's ballads, which, it is needless to say, is of a very different sort from this:

"But rose leaves of December
The frosts of June shall fret,
The day that you remember,
The day that I forget."

The coincidence is odd considering the entirely opposite directions of the two poems. Otherwise it is unimportant; the idea is old, and Mr. Swinburne is the last man in the world that any Lilliputian could stoop to borrow from. So we shall not quarrel with so generous a promiser on that score, but we shall rather vie with him in promising all our young readers that when the happy time he foretells has arrived, when our ships, too, come home, the very first thing we shall do is to present to each of them a copy of *Lilliput Levee*, bound in velvet, and with each one's name in gold letters on the cover. But that may be a long time to wait, and in the meantime we advise them to be content with this cheaper edition which good Mr. Routledge has been kind enough to prepare for them, and which papa will undoubtedly get for them if they tell him we said so.

Our Standard Bearer; or, The Life of General Ulysses S. Grant: His Youth, his Manhood, his Campaigns, and his Eminent Services in the Reconstruction of the Nation his Sword has Redeemed. As seen and related by Captain Bernard Galligasken, Cosmopolitan, and written out by Oliver Optic. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.

—In a pleasant, familiar vein, and with a freedom from etymological constraint, a defiance of the tyranny of taste, which must make his book excessively popular, Mr. Oliver Optic, ably seconded by Mr. Thomas Nast, has done his best to make the General of our armies supremely ridiculous. As our readers may have gathered from our previously expressed opinions, we do not find in General Grant's character or achievements any special fitness for the post to which it is sought to elevate him, but his military services are undeniable, and ought to protect him more effectually from outrages of this description. Political biographies, as we took occasion to remark in reviewing a similar work, rank foremost among the inevitable absurdities of a political campaign; and as this one is avowedly written and published for an electioneering document, it is scarcely worthy of serious criticism. For Sunday reading of enthusiastic Radicals it is admirably adapted; it proves conclusively that General Grant was not only the greatest and most brilliant soldier the world ever saw, but the wisest statesman and the most incomparable man—a judicious combination of Washington, Napoleon, Andrew Jackson, Cæsar, Wellington, Marlborough, Scott, the Apostle Paul, the lightning calculator, James Robinson, the champion horse-back rider, Pratt, the great American traveller, and J. B. Gough. What makes it particularly valuable for campaign purposes is, that it disposes at once and for ever of the base slanders which Mr. Wendell Phillips and General Butler have invented regarding the illustrious hero's alleged conviviality, by a simple *reductio ad absurdum*. "It is as impossible that Grant could ever have been a drunkard," says Captain Galligasken, "as that he could ever have been a coward. If he ever used the intoxicating cup to excess," he sagely adds, "he must have known it himself; and to know that he had a dangerous habit was to conquer it." Q.E.D. After this we regard the question as effectually settled; and the additional proof which the captain afterward introduces, in the shape of testimony of various people who are willing to swear that on various occasions when they saw the General he drank nothing but water or very weak tea, is to a fair mind altogether superfluous. Republican orators also will find it useful for its collection of anecdotes concerning the General's intelligent infancy and indomitable youth—how from his warlike cradle he celebrated the anniversary of our nation's independence by pistol practice; how he patriotically thrashed all other little boys at school who, being incipi-

ent Copperheads, reviled the memory of the immortal Washington; how a phrenologist who examined his bumps at that eventful period prophesied that he might yet be President; how he gambled, and won the marbles of his playmates by a sharpness and an elasticity of ethics that did credit to his Puritan ancestry; all these, and more that is equally veracious and pleasing, the interested reader will find here fully set forth in a style which combines the vivacity of a cattle report with the purity and polish of a religious paper. Mr. Nast, as we have said, has rendered efficient aid to the author, and his skilful pencil shows the hero to be a neat cross between an idiotic hodcarrier and an intelligent chimpanzee. Of all the vulgar and ungrammatical balderdash in the way of campaign biography that we have seen this claims the proud eminence of being the vulgarest and sloppiest; we therefore see no reason to doubt its thorough and unequalled success.

Goethe and Schiller. By L. Mühlbach. D. Appleton & Co. 1868.—Were it true that the popular taste of a nation is reflected in its light literature, we should have cause to think but poorly of the readers among whom Louisa Mühlbach's interminable so-called historical novels find favor; but in Germany the novel does not suffice for the intellectual wants of the great body of her people, and save in the *Wilhelm Meister*, and some noteworthy productions of Freytag and Auerbach, the attempts at this species of fiction have not been attended with success. It has been the aim of the present author to make history subservient to the purposes of fiction, and if industry alone were requisite to the attainment of this end she might have achieved it, but her works have higher pretensions than the ordinary novel and fall far short of their requisite excellence. There is, besides, a certain degree of literary charlatanism in invoking great names to give importance to what would otherwise be of little value, and although there is much force and apparent truthfulness in the delineation of individual scenes, yet the general impression left by the book, about the personages with whose names such unwarrantable liberties are taken, is imperfect, partial, and erroneous. It would be well, before making such men as Goethe and Schiller speak in novels, that the writer should embody and realize them with greater truth in her mind. The book is less a novel than the history of the love intrigues of three celebrated persons—Goethe, Schiller, and Frederic William of Prussia; the stories are each independent of the other, but they are all made to be the heroes of similar adventures, the more prominent and interesting of which belong to the personal history of the king. In his day and at his court illegitimacy carried with it no degradation, public opinion was more lenient than now to the irregularities of great people, and the best scenes in the book, those which have the power to touch our hearts and awaken our sympathies, are those which pass between the king, Wilhelmine Rietz, and their children. To the purchasers of the book the names of Germany's great poets may prove an attraction, but the reader will scarcely be content with what must seem to him to be disrespectful to their memory.

Essays on Men and Manners. By William Shenstone. London: Bradbury, Evans & Co.; Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.—This little volume, which comes to us with the imprint of the publishers of *Punch*, attracts attention as containing all the prose writings of Shenstone (except his letters, posthumously printed), and as being, with a single exception, the only edition of them published in the last seventy years. This cannot fairly be accepted as a test of their merit, since the tastes of succeeding generations vary, and they have not always been the most meritorious among the last century English writers whose productions have been oftenest published and most commonly admired. Shenstone is not one of the first of poets, nor does his prose rank higher in its way than his poetry. It is, however, generally graceful and unaffected, is not without occasional shrewdness, and has a quaint flavor which most readers will find refreshing. The volume is a collection of aphorisms rather than of essays, and seems a sort of commonplace book in which the author jotted down his chance ideas and theories. A man who wrote good poetry and grew famous as a landscape-gardener was just the one to write a "handy volume" about "men and manners" fit to slip in one's pocket and enjoy at intervals when rambling over green fields or cooling in shady nooks, and for such a use this little book is adapted to a charm. Shenstone is not a profound or caustic deviser of maxims, no deep philosopher, no polished social satirist, not a Rochefoucauld and not a Joubert, but a well-bred Christian gentleman of the last century, who says nothing that is not worth listening to, and many things whose desert is far higher. For style's sake his prose repays the reading, for he was natural in the midst of artificiality, and earned in this wise the praise due to moral courage in addition to the fair guerdon of his literary merit.

The Annunciation: A Poem. By John Hillhouse. New York: Pott & Amery. 1868.—Books like this are to be welcomed, in this epoch of trash, as efforts in a right direction, if nothing more. This is, indeed, nothing more. When we say Mr. Hillhouse means well we have said about all. There is nothing salient whatever from a literary point of view. It is written in decent American, the lines, as a rule—with just exceptions enough to give a flavor of proof—scan correctly, there is nothing low and nothing in bad taste, and we believe the author has a certain true natural delicacy

which carries him very neatly over places where others might have been coarse. But of poetry there is not a shadow—not even a shadow of Shakespeare, Tennyson, or Swinburne, as usual. Mr. Hillhouse is unfortunate, too, in his display of classics. The Greek text with which he has garnished the title-page is quite correctly printed from Isaiah, and is quite nice—nicer by a good deal than it would be in English. But the little Latin preface, we fear, is Mr. Hillhouse's own, and in both idiom and Latinity is clearly distinguishable from the style of Cicero. The illustrations are even more remarkable still. They spring, it seems, from original designs by the author, and are after Flaxman—very far after. The vignette angel looks for all the world like a raw emigrant servant-girl with wings in her, and the rest are absurd to match. The utter simplicity of the whole makes it plain to us that Mr. Hillhouse's is no designing nature. His lead-pencil is inexcusable. Bad Latin a man perpetrates under some impulse of pedantry or vanity; bad drawings are deliberate; and the whole book is "real nice."

Fior d'Aliza. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated from the French by George Perry. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.—This new addition to the *Riverside Classics* is a fit companion to *Undine* and *Paul and Virginia*. The simple while eventful story of the love of the heroic Fior d'Aliza and her devotion, even to death if necessary, to her lover, was better adapted, perhaps, to the poetical form in which its author says it was originally his intention to embody it, than to the prose, unadorned though not ungraceful, in which it appeared. Not that its author, negligent as he sometimes was, would regard with much satisfaction the English guise it now takes on. One can fancy, for instance, the disgust with which he would encounter the strange notion of graciousness which the translator's distortion has imputed to him in this passage: "'For guests in these solitudes are very rare, and we have to be distrustful of them,' added she, graciously [to the guest]; 'but there are those whose coming brings good fortune to a house'" (p. 12); or the shudder with which he would find put in his lips the ruinous vulgarism, "equally as well" (p. 34); or the confusion about the pronoun's gender (p. 82),—to say nothing of the way in which the subtler aroma of the spirit of the original has been allowed to escape in a manner not easily shown by citation. But there still remains for an hour's reading a very tender and touching story, romantic, picturesque, and nearly tragic. Many, too, will find in it, quite apart from the story, an interesting reminder of the commencement of a brilliant life, now dust and ashes,—of the appearance, nearly half a century ago, of the poet, orator, statesman, patriot, whom the same world that once flattered and fawned upon him regards as a mark for its cheap jeers in his melancholy decrepitude and decay.

Was it a Ghost? An Extraordinary Narrative. Boston: Loring. 1868.—This book is begotten of the memorable murders, in Bussey's Wood, Roxbury, of the girl Isabella Joyce and her little brother. It describes with some detail the scene and circumstances of the tragedy, and so far is well enough. But most of the work is occupied in saying that about a week after the discovery of the murders the author was passing near the spot where they were committed and saw, or thought he saw, something which was or was not a ghost. To say this requires about a hundred pages full of all sorts of odd prefatory matter, and introducing the author's theory of the murders and his opinions on things in general. He appears to be some sort of detective, and has certainly succeeded in getting on the track of a style the most extraordinary that can be imagined. As a sample of it we may mention that he talks of the duties imposed on him in life as the possessor of a six-foot "carcass." The only thing worth remembering in the book—the style will stick in the readers' heads for itself—is a keen and well-reasoned deduction that the murderer of the poor children paid their fare out from Boston in the horse-cars. This strikes us as new, at least in print. But there is nothing in the whole work of the solemnity which is suggested by the memory of what was perhaps the most terrible crime of our day, and neither the public nor the police can be gainers by such a jumble of facts and ideas concerning an event so peculiarly harrowing to all the instincts of human nature.

Le Docteur au Village. Entretiens familiers sur l'Hygiène. Par Madame Hippolyte Monnier. New York: F. W. Christern. 1868.—This most useful and agreeable little book is written by one who has not only profited by her own observation, but has wisely availed herself of the practical experience of the learned man to whose memory, with filial reverence, her work is dedicated. Through the medium of familiar conversations good advice is imparted which, if acted upon, would prove eminently beneficial to the welfare of mankind; few things of importance are omitted, and much profitable thought is suggested by the statement of familiar facts presented in a new light. The evils consequent upon a neglect of simple sanitary precautions, such as bathing, efficient ventilation, temperance, and cleanliness, are plainly stated; much practical information is contained in the chapter on epidemics, and that entitled *Ce qu'il est bon de boire* shows some of the forms of disease to which drinkers of spirituous liquors are liable; while the great lesson which people are only now learning, of how to keep their habitations clean as a means of preserving health, is strongly inculcated in the pages devoted to *Propreté intérieure de l'habitation*. More than half of the ills of life are due to preventable causes, and

especially to the neglect of a few guiding principles, concerning all of which the observations of the author are remarkably accurate, and the treatment she recommends seems to be judicious. The work of Madame Monnier is not made a vehicle for advancing new theories, but it runs over a number of very interesting themes, it is written in an attractive and pleasant style, and should be esteemed by all who read it a truly useful book.

Medusa, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris. Boston: Loring. 1868.—There is an individuality and a lack of conventionalism about these stories that make them, to our taste, very refreshing reading, although they exhibit a crudeness in parts that gives rise to the suspicion that the first ones, at least, were early efforts, or were in any case written before the charming *Week in a French Country House*. The author has stuff enough in her to make half a dozen of the lady sensational novelists of the day, and to have left something very much better than enters into the composition of most of them. Why is it that the mass of our American female attackers of fiction continue to remain so immeasurably inferior, we need not say to the great women, the George Eliots of the other side, but to the lighter sisters, the sketchers of life, character, and society? We shall pause a long time for a reply.

Puritan: A Poem in Seven Cantos. Cincinnati: Printed by Robert Clarke & Co. 1868.—A fair degree of culture, considerable reading, some historic research, an ear for rhythm, and a vast amount of enthusiasm have combined to produce a rather metaphorical account of the landing of the Pilgrims, in the stanza of Spenser and Byron, which is not quite so good as some things those poets have written. In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, we found it rather dreary reading, though in Massachusetts we dare say there are people who might think it vastly entertaining. Since *Kathrina* one never knows what to admire. The printing of this Western house we can unreservedly praise, but not the paper, whose tint seems to us meretricious and in defiance of true taste.

The Gem of the Lake: A Novel. By Mrs. Sarah A. Wright, author of Medora, Beauty of Fairfax, Improper Use of the Tongue, etc., etc. New York: American News Company. 1868.—Balderdash flavored with pruricy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ROUTLEDGE & SONS, New York.—Lilliput Levee. Poems of Childhood, Child-fancy, and Child-like Moods. Pp. viii, 213. 1868.
Ten Thousand Wonderful Things. Illustrated. Edited by E. F. King, M.A. Pp. xvi, 684. 1868.
KELLY & PIET, Baltimore.—The Lily of the Valley; or, Margie and I; and other Poems. By Amy Gray. Pp. 114. 1868.
W. J. WIDDLETON, New York.—The Literary Character; or, The History of the Men of Genius. By Isaac Disraeli. Edited by his son, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli. Pp. 592. 1868.
L. W. SCHUMPER, New York.—Volkskundiges Lesebüchlein der lateinischen Sprache. Von George Traut. Pp. xxxiv, 857. 1868.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—The Charles Dickens Edition: Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. With eight illustrations. Pp. 525. 1868.
What Answer? By Anna E. Dickinson. Pp. 301. 1868.
BRADBURY, EVANS & CO., London; Boston: ROBERTS BROS.—Handy Volume Series: Dr. Jacob. By M. Bentham Edwards. Pp. 375. 1868.
Happy Thoughts. By F. C. Burnand. Pp. xvi, 303. 1868.
D. & J. SADLER & CO., New York, Boston, and Montreal.—MacCarthy More; or, The Fortunes of an Irish Chief in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. By Mrs. J. Sadler. Pp. vi, 277. 1868.
JAMES S. CLAXTON, Philadelphia; New York: R. CARTER & BROS.—How to Conquer; or, Allen Ware: A Temperance Tale. By Catherine M. Trowbridge. Pp. iv, 297.
The Experiences of Tom and Sarah Neal. By Mrs. Joseph Lamb. Pp. iv, 251.
Grace Roche's Legacy. Pp. 103.
Edna Willis; or, The Promise Fulfilled. Pp. iv, 144.
Jem Morrison, the Fisher Boy. By Mrs. Joseph Lamb. Pp. 208.

PAMPHLETS.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—The Lives of Horatio Seymour and Frank P. Blair, Jr. Campaign Edition. Pp. 95.
ROBERT M. DEWITT, New York.—The Grant Campaign Songster. Pp. 72.
The Radical Drum Call. Arranged by Henry Tucker. Pp. 95.
The Life and Campaigns of General U. S. Grant. By Gen. James G. Wilson. Pp. 100.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—The Half-Dollar Edition of Tennyson's Poems. Complete. Pp. vi, 244.
HOWARD CHALLER, Philadelphia.—Uniform Trade List Circular.
GERMER BALLIERE, Paris; New York: D. APPLETON & Co.—Recherches Expérimentales sur une Nouvelle Fonction du Foie. Par Austin Flint, fils. Pp. 122. 1868.
We have received Our National Schools of Science, by Daniel C. Gilman: Sketch of the Educational Establishments of New Haven, Conn.: National Department of Education, Official Circular, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 13, with supplements; State Normal Schools, and other Institutions for the Professional Training of Teachers; School Architecture, No. II.; Plans for Graded Schools; Census of the District of Columbia. We have also received current numbers of The Detective's Manual—Springfield, Mass.; American Quarterly Church Review; Packard's Monthly—New York.

MUSIC.

DITSON & CO., Boston and New York.—Standard Opera Libretto: Orpheus. Composed by Offenbach. With English and French Words. La Belle Hélène: Barbe-Bleue.—Charles Wels' Potpourris from Favorite Operas: Barbe-Bleue, Nos. 1 and 2.—Potpourri, Génévieve de Brabant, par Offenbach. Arranged by H. Cramer.

TABLE-TALK.

MR. GRAU, the director of the Théâtre Français, is really something very like a man of original genius. His house has lately been gutted and the interior rebuilt, which fact, with the announcement of his new artists, furnishes him with occasion for a pamphlet which quite throws the memory of the illustrious George Robins into the shade. We are all glad, of course, to hear that Mr. Grau is going to do great things, and when he does we shall be glad to chronicle them. To be sure the memory of the *Opéra Bouffe* associated with his name on a former occasion—our readers will remember *The Round Table's* criticism of

Orphée aux Enfers—may not inspire any very sanguine expectations, but Mr. Grau assures us he has been working like Samson since then, and means to bring down the house as it was never brought down before. It is easy to see that he has experience of *prime donne*, and is not the man to trust himself to the tender mercies of any single one. In point of fact he promises three, and, having engaged these *trois grâces*, a knotty point presents itself, whose solution justifies our opening imputation respecting original genius. The ladies are equal in histrionic rank and *prestige*. To whom, then, in the conventionally needful introductory description is to be accorded precedence? Who is to have the *pas*? for there are cases wherein singers, as well as dancers, contend about such things. Mark the adroitness, not to say finesse, of the worthy manager. He sets out by putting his difficulty before us in the boldest and clearest light: "Three *prime donne* have been engaged, each of whom has legitimately won the *highest honors* and stands in the *front rank* of European artists." And how are they to be classified? Listen and admire: "Differing widely from one another in certain characteristics, all three may, however, with truth be said to excel in their chosen spheres. Since it would be difficult and perhaps ungenerous to classify them in any comparative order of merit, the director presents them according to the dates of their respective engagements for New York." This is uncommonly ingenious. But a particular description of each lady must needs follow, and to construct it is fraught with delicate perils. Still, Mr. Grau, whose gallantry now becomes almost equal to his art, rises to the occasion. First he does for Madame Rose Bell, who, we are told, is "Gifted with rare personal charms and a voice of the noblest quality, and being thoroughly schooled in the service of art she has readily exacted the homage of the appreciative Parisians. The director is thus thoroughly justified in believing that she will equally meet the expectations and respond to the high critical standard of the New York public." Next, Mdlle. Desclauzas is delighted with adjectives that of all others are most captivating to her sex. Our expectations are set on tiptoe by the exhilarating statement that "Mdlle. Desclauzas is a radiant beauty, a charming cantatrice, an enchanting comedienne. Her celebrity is of Parisian birth, she having gained conspicuous favor in the French capital as Prince Charming in *Cendrillon*, which she played over three hundred times, and in *Le Diable Boiteux*." Finally, Mdlle. Fontanel, though last not at all least, serves to exhaust the vocabulary of eulogy, and is placed on a pinnacle no less lofty than those of her dazzling sisters; for are we not assured that "This volatile young artiste has won the highest admiration as La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein, La Belle Hélène, Eurydice (*Orphée aux Enfers*), Boulotte (*Barbe-Bleue*), and similar distinguished rôles. For this specialty she has unequalled gifts, and her impersonations have all the charm of originality and *esprit*, controlled by the highest appreciation of artistic requirement." Mr. Grau has decidedly some of the qualities that go to make up a great diplomatist. Whether he unites with them the skill that can execute that most difficult trick of theatrical management, following and duplicating the success of another on the same ground but with different materials, remains to be seen. Mr. Grau seems to think he strengthens his chance in this direction by the statement that he meant to introduce *Opéra Bouffe* to the American public before Mr. Bateman in fact did so; and intimates that the Ristori engagement alone prevented him. The claim, however, to public support which rests upon such a retrospection is not very substantial, and if its announcement is intended as an apology for his attitude as apparent interloper, we caution Mr. Grau that only better performances than those to which they have been accustomed will be accepted by Bouffes-loving New York as, under the circumstances, a suitable atonement.

A CANAL which should allow ships to pass between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans through the Isthmus of Darien has always afforded a subject of interesting speculation. During the last score of years, indeed, a number of explorations have been made, and concessions have been granted by the local governments to parties proposing to undertake the work. But the other day attention was again called to the matter by the President's address on receiving Gen. Acosta, the new minister from the Republic of Colombia. Having touched upon the importance of opening this new channel for inter-oceanic commerce, and having mentioned that the neck of land between the Gulf of Darien and the navigable bay which indents the Pacific coast, is but 34 miles in breadth, and its greatest elevation only 40 feet, Mr. Johnson went on to say that citizens of this country needed only adequate protection and encouragement to undertake to open the ship-canal within two years. How much reliance is to be placed upon this statement we have no means of knowing. It appears, however, that the line between Panama and Aspinwall bays, which used to be the favorite one for this purpose, has been found to be greatly surpassed by the facilities in the region we have just described. The latter is eleven miles shorter, and its deepest cutting only 40 feet against a cutting, four miles long, of 136 feet in the old route: the estimated cost of the Panama canal—if built with a breadth of 270 feet on the surface, 150 feet at its bed, and 31 feet in depth—was \$80,000,000. That of the new route should therefore be much less; and its feasibility is assured by the fact that a

cutting practicable for small boats has already been made between the head waters of the Atrato and San Juan, rivers which flow into either ocean. The construction of the canal would seem from these facts to be but a question of time. The changes it would introduce into the communications of the Atlantic sides of the two continents with Japan, China, and India, and the formidable rivalry that it would offer to the Pacific railroads and M. Lesseps's Suez canal, can scarcely be over-estimated.

FEMALE TYPE-SETTERS have been discarded by *The World*, which takes the opportunity to explain that it has tried, first and last, nearly a hundred of them, and that it found them incapable of performing so much type-setting as men, incapable of setting correctly, and even of learning to decipher bad manuscript. That *The World* would to contain a marvellous quantity of typographical blunders its most casual reader cannot have failed to observe. On the other hand, we think we may say without impropriety that in general *The Round Table* has been at least as free from such blemishes as any weekly journal in the country; yet a part of its composition at all times, and more or less of its proof-reading, have been done by women. The truth is, no doubt, that, unless it be the matter of rapidity, all these points in which women have been found to fall short are things of education and training. In that case no fair comparison of the sexes can at present be instituted. Quite as delusive as *The World's* experience, because quite as accurate in the matter of fact, was the apparent demonstration by one of the departments at Washington that women were unfit for clerkships. The explanation very plainly was that women who were untrained, or otherwise unfit, had been placed in positions where their performance was made to contrast with that of men whom years of training and discipline—to say nothing of inherited qualification, and of the influence of associations and surroundings—had made apt to their tasks. Every apparent failure of this sort increases in the popular mind the presumption against woman's capacity, and retards its demonstration. It is a great pity that the people bent on the enlargement of woman's sphere of usefulness cannot be made to understand this, and to hold ulterior claims in abeyance until they shall have established what must be the foundation of success—a revolution in woman's education.

"A LITTLE learning" will be the death of *The Evening Post* yet. A pragmatic pump is allowed to "criticise" in its columns the use of the phrase *adverse congeners* by a writer in *The Round Table*. *The Evening Post* man is evidently under the impression that the word *congener* is born of *con-genealis* instead of *con-genus*; since otherwise his criticism falls to naught. The objection to *enunciator* is better founded. It is certainly not in Webster. We can assure *The Evening Post* "man," however, that the word has been used by better English—or, if he prefers it, better American—writers than he promises to become if he lives to be a hundred. We recommend *The Evening Post* man to swallow a ramrod, wash it down with a gallon of Dutch beer, get up in Blair's *Sermons*, take a Russian bath, and then sit down with his lexicon and puzzle out the difference between the meanings of *meum* and *tuum*.

CANOEING—thanks, perhaps, to the example of the *Rob Roy's* voyages—has been added to the accomplishments of the Harvard navy. *The Advocate*, of that college, notes the arrival at the boat-houses of an Indian canoe, which was made at Moosehead Lake, last summer, for two members of the class of '69. "When it was completed they paddled it the whole length of the lake, up the Penobscot to its source; carried it several miles across country to the source of the St. John River, and paddled it down that river to its mouth. From there it was brought to Boston by freight, and was paddled up to the boat-houses."

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have a prodigious list of announcements, in which, beside more works by L. Mühlbach, and numerous juvenile books and annuals, the following works deserve attention: *The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck*; *The Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck*, edited by James Grant Wilson; *Home Stories*, by Cousin Alice, collected by one of Mrs. Neal's surviving relatives, and embraces some of the best contributions made by her to *The Lady's Book*; *Chaplet of Pearls*, or *the White and Black Ribaut*, by the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*; *Home Pictures of English Poets*, from Chaucer to Burns, designed for young students, with extracts from and comments on their principal poems; *The Schiller Gallery*, a collection of 50 illustrations to Schiller's works, with descriptive text; *The Poet and Painter*, illustrated by one hundred steel engravings printed on the page with the text; *Wood-side and Sea-side*, fully illustrated on wood, with drawings by Birket Foster, Hows, and others; *Resources of the Pacific Slope*, with a sketch of the settlement and exploration of Lower California, by J. Ross Browne; a Historical Atlas, by the Rev. N. L. Gage; *Ships and Sailors, Ancient and Modern*, a sketch of the progress of naval art, by C. C. Cotterill and E. D. Little; *Marcel on Language*; *A Compendium of Psychology and Ethics*, by Alexander Bain; *A Text-Book of Special Therapeutics and Pathology*, translated from the German of Dr. Felix von Niemeyer, by Geo. H. Humphreys. The same firm also announces an attractive list of modern and classic French works, among them the *Théâtre Complet* of Racine, the first volume of a series of the French dramatists.

MR. J. W. BOUTON is soon to publish a work which

will enrapture lovers of art, and especially admirers of Albert Dürer. This is a reproduction, by a new process, in absolute fac-simile of Albert Dürer's *Little Passion* (*Passio Christi*). These famous wood-cuts are thirty-seven in number, but, to quote the prospectus, "complete sets of the entire series are excessively rare. The editions which have been published in modern times in Europe are defective, lacking more or less of the plates, and are of an inferior and unsatisfactory class of workmanship." There can be no such complaint with regard to this promised edition, for there is no exaggeration in saying that the execution both of the engraving and of the letter-press in the specimen before us is superb. The value of the work is further enhanced by the consideration that but five hundred copies have been printed, and the plates destroyed.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON, as well as the whole body of young folks of every age throughout America, are to be congratulated upon the fact that with the next number of *The Riverside Magazine* Hans Christian Andersen will become its regular contributor—the most charming not only of living writers for children, but of all whose works have ever made their way into our language. This house announces *Poems*, by John James Piatt; and *The Standard Drama*, as performed by Edwin Booth, each play being published separately.

MR. RICHARD C. MORSE, one of the founders of *The New York Observer*, and for thirty-five years one of its editors, died last week at Kissengen, Germany, whither he had gone with members of his family in quest of health.

M. DU CHAILLU is to lecture in New England this winter.

ARITHMETICIANS will at the least be amused by a recent note from Prof. A. De Morgan to *The Athenæum*, in which he fortifies, with two illustrations, his belief that, just as one-half the world does not know how the other half lives, so one-half does not know how the other half calculates. "To my direct knowledge," he says, "there were, less than thirty years ago, two solicitors, acute men, trustworthy and much trusted, who conducted themselves as follows. I have no doubt they represented a class: When the first wanted 6 times 8, he wrote down six eights; if 8 times 6, eight sixes; if both within five minutes of each other, both. He then drew a line, said 8 and 8 are 16, and 8 are 24, etc. The other multiplied by 10, say 647, as follows: 10 times 7, 70, set down 0 and carry 7; 10 times 4, 40, and 7, 47, etc. When shown that simply annexing a cipher would do, he thought it pretty, but did not feel sure of short cuts." This, and more to the same effect, serve to introduce a short cut which, we exultantly confess, we have found so perfectly bewildering that we prefer any possible amount of prospective multiplication to attempting to master it. Here it is, however, for those that like it: "Let each thumb be 6, and let the other four fingers be 7, 8, 9, 10. What is 7 times 9? Put the ends of the 7 and 9 fingers upon each other, one on each hand; count the joined fingers and all that come before, six in all; take as many tens, 60. Now look at the fingers following the joined fingers, 3 and 1; their product, 3; add this to the tens and we have 63 for 7 times 9. Again, 6 times 8: four tens, 40, and 4 times 2, or 8, 48." This elicited another note on the same subject from Sir John Bowring, thus:

"The reference of Prof. De Morgan to the employment of the fingers for purposes of notation induces me to speak of the very ingenious application, in China, of this living abacus to arithmetical calculations; of the faculty it gives for the settlement of accounts and the easy solution of all sums, whether of addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division, from one up to a hundred thousand. Every finger on the left hand represents nine fingers; the little finger the units, the ring finger the tens, the middle finger the hundreds, the forefinger the thousands, the thumb the tens of thousands. The three inner joints represent from 1 to 3, the three outer 4 to 6, the right side 7 to 9. The fore-finger of the right hand is employed for pointing to the finger to be called into use, thus, 1, 2, 3, 4 would at once be denoted by just touching the inside of the upper joint of the fore-finger, representing 1,000; then the inside of the second, or middle joint of the middle finger, representing 200; thirdly, the inside of the lower joint of the ring finger, representing 30; and, lastly, the upper joint of the little finger, touched on the outside, representing 4. Or, again, 99,999 would be represented by touching the side of the lower joint of the thumb (90,000) and the lower side of the joint of the fore, middle, ring, and little fingers, representing respectively 9,000, 900, 90, and 9. The universal correctness of the accountancy of China, when there is no purpose of fraud, and the rapidity with which all trading and commercial accounts are calculated, are facts of notoriety to all who have any acquaintance with purchases or sales made in that country."

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London, has just printed the programme of its next session. Of its thirty-one classes, the studies of fourteen are as follows: Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Hebrew, Arabic and Persian, Telugu, Marathi, Hindustani and Hindi, Bengali, English language and literature, French ditto, Italian ditto, German ditto, Comparative Grammar. Possibly this list may serve to suggest to some of our contemporaries—who are fond of accounting for our views on the matter by alleging our lack of patriotism—why we judge that American colleges are not, in all respects, superior to those of Europe.

POPULAR EDUCATION in France has a bright as well as a dark side. It has done as much or more than has been accomplished in England at three times the cost, while there is still a good deal of ignorance. At the famous gathering at the Sorbonne, at which young Cavaignac bearded Imperialism, M. Duruy in his address dwelt upon one hopeful sign in connection with adult education. The evening schools, he said, were attended by 800,000 pupils—"an entire nation," conducted by 39,000 teachers, who expected

and invited them,—that for the 33,000 voluntary evening schools a voluntary budget of 2,250,000 francs were subscribed in four months. This is an increase of 8,935 schools since 1864, and the "voluntary budget" of 2,250,000 is a vast improvement upon the 50,000 francs which at that time was all he had to divide among 25,000 teachers—the service, it should be understood, being entirely voluntary on their part, and in addition to a day's work in their regular schools. The French school system is detailed in the report of Mr. A. G. Johnson, which we lately described. Its foundation is the law framed by M. Guizot and others in 1833, of which the most important provisions, as stated in Mr. Johnson's abstract, are these:

"The law proclaims as a first principle, without which nothing has ever been successfully done, that every commune shall support at least one school, and that it shall be open gratuitously to all indigent children, without exception. . . . The expense of the communal school is in the first instance charged upon the ordinary revenues of the commune, and, in case these do not suffice, upon the product of a special tax, which is never to exceed three centimes, in addition to its direct taxes. If there is still a deficit, the department is called upon for a tax of two additional centimes. Finally, the state budget furnishes the sum necessary to make good all deficiencies. The obligation of the state is recognized in another provision. In case of the unwillingness of the commune and the department the state will impose and collect the taxes necessary to support the school."

Of course, like France, the law has undergone many vicissitudes since it was framed, but in general there has been improvement. In 1848, for instance, the state appropriation was raised from 2,399,808 to 5,920,000 francs. The normal schools have risen to the number of 107, containing 3,359 pupils, and graduating about 1,000 each year, or within 400 of the number annually needed by the schools. But the average pay of the teachers is—at least was, in 1864—only 798 francs, usually, but not always, augmented by the free use of a house. As shown by the reports of 1864 there were in the 37,510 communes of France 52,435 primary schools, of which 20,703 were for boys, 17,683 for both sexes, and 14,059 for girls only, while there were 818 communes without any school, and 8,198 had only schools specially for girls. The number of children in attendance was 3,413,830; but there are also 16,316 free schools, mostly for girls—making in all one school to every 549 inhabitants, whose annual cost was 58,646,952 francs. Still, there is a great deal of ignorance. In 1862, one-third of the conscripts could neither read nor write, while of 100 men contracting marriage 28 could not even sign their names, and 43 out of 100 women were completely illiterate, to which it is added that a large proportion of those set down as "writing" can only painfully trace their names. On the whole the advocates of popular education in France seem to be adopting the theory that compulsory education is the only resource—a conclusion which, we fancy, will ultimately be arrived at by every nation which attempts to have efficient public schools.

M. A. DUMAS, fils, has written for *Le Gaulois*, the new liberal Parisian journal which yet does not slander the government, a romance which he entitles the *Demi-Monde*. In the note to the editor accompanying his MS., M. Dumas says that the former may "find the story a trifle too warm," and makes a suggestion: "If you have young girls among your subscribers, print a separate edition for them, with an embroidery design in the place of my prose." This the editor, M. H. de Pène, publishes, together with his assurance in reply that he is "quite out of embroidery designs," and that no doubt "the mothers will undertake, in the interest of their tender plants, to exercise a domestic censorship."

M. VICTOR HUGO's forthcoming novel, *The Athenæum* says, is of English life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and will probably be called *L'Homme qui Rit*, or *Par Ordre du Roi*.

THE REV. HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, died on Friday of last week, at the age of 77. Dean Milman's fine taste and imagination, and his scholarship, elegant and at the same time profound, have gained for his numerous writings, during more than half a century, a distinguished place among both the poetical and the historical literature of the time. He succeeded alike in dramatic, heroic, sacred, and lyrical poetry; he has published much in *The Quarterly Review*, and in other isolated forms; but it is as a historian that his lasting reputation will be greatest—for his *History of the Jews*, of *Christianity*, of *Latin Christianity*, together with minor religious and secular works of a biographical or historical cast, will probably remain in permanence standard authorities on their several subjects.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereto it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:
(90.)—In your review of Mr. Brinton's book, *The Myths of the New World* (No. 158), you speak of the universality of the worship of the Cross among the Indian races. Several years ago, when in Rome, I promised an antiquary to send him a box of Indian pottery, from one of the mounds on my estate in Louisiana, in exchange for some Etruscan vases. In 1860 I had a number of vases and other articles of earthenware dug up out of a mound, with the intention of sending them to Rome. Many of the vases were peculiar and some very graceful in shape. Upon one of the largest, which was, I suppose, a foot in diameter and a foot and-a-half high, shaped not unlike some Etruscan vases that I had seen, the graving

was very deep. It was composed of a series of distinct crosses, surrounded and separated from one another by a wreathing serpent; there was an attempt to imitate even the spots on the snake's skin. Another small vase, half a foot long, was in the form of a large frog. This was absolutely perfect. The head, feet, and legs were capitally moulded. This was green in color; the other vases were almost black. To my regret, these articles were burnt when my house was destroyed during the war, before I had an opportunity to send them off; but it might be interesting to have such confirmation, from this portion of the country, of Mr. Brinton's suggestions. Many persons saw and examined these vases at my house in 1860.

(91.)—In No. 186 you review the criticism on the alleged newly discovered poem of Milton's. You speak of Mr. Hain Friswell's "disposing of Lord Winchelsea's criticisms." "For instance," he says, "Lord Winchelsea objects to the line:

"The sacred sisters tune their quills," etc., etc.

On page 317 of the *Recollections of H. W. Allen* you will find a similar use of this word "quills," as applied to the syrinx of cane, used by the Texan boys to aid them in the burden of their cattle songs. I was struck with their use of this name for their simple rustic pipes. I had never heard it in common use before. It must have been a common English word, to get into such mouths. I had entirely forgotten its use by Milton in *Lycidas*, until reminded of it by your article; but, you see, noticed it as I encountered it in Texas, in 1864.

Respectfully,

S. A. DORSEY.

TENNESSEE PARISH, Louisiana, Sept. 2, 1868.

(92.)—The two hymns, *The spacious firmament on high*, and *When all thy mercies, O my God!* commonly attributed to Addison, and the popular ballad, *William and Margaret*, claimed by Mallet, were found among the manuscripts of Andrew Marvell, together with letters of Marvell to the corporation of Hull, and many of his poems, in the Trinity House archives of that city, by Captain Thompson, as stated in his edition of Marvell's works. It is evident, then, that the three poems are older than the authors to whom they are credited. Addison never claimed the two hymns as his. In No. 453 of *The Spectator*, he introduces the hymn *When all thy mercies*, etc., as follows:

"I have already communicated to the public some pieces of divine poetry; and as they have met with a very favorable reception, I shall, from time to time, publish any work of the same nature which has not yet appeared in print, and which may be acceptable to my readers." In No. 465 he quotes the Psalm, "The heavens declare the glory of God," etc., and then adds:

"As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnishes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may see it wrought into the following one:

"The spacious firmament on high," etc.

How these poems came among the manuscripts of Andrew Marvell, in the archives of the city of Hull, may never be explained, but their presence there deprives Addison of the honor of their authorship.

TROY, N. Y., August 22, 1868.

A. G. J.

For the claim of authorship, which was raised in the course of the discussion of the supposed epitaph by Milton, the reader is referred to p. 124 of *The Round Table*, No. 187.

(93.)—Here is a difficulty which I should like to propose to your philologists, barring only, for I am a busy man, Mr. Moon and Mr. Gould. My difficulty is this: The reflexive verbs, we are told, such as *feel, sound, smell, look*, and the like, take the adjective and not the adverb of qualification. Thus we say a flower smells sweet and not sweetly, unless we mean to imply that the flower uses its sense of smell in a sweet manner, a lady looks charming if we desire to compliment her appearance and not her exercise of the sense of sight, a quire sounds discordant, a man feels despondent. There it is all plain sailing. But come to apply this rule to the adjective good, and see where you fetch up. A person who should venture to tell his friend that he looked good or felt bad, or to say that a song sounded good or a rose smelt bad, would be ostracized from decent society. What is the philosophic reason for the distinction?

NEW YORK, September 12, 1868.

PURLEY.

(94.)—What is the reason that the right-hand horse of a team is always called the off, and the left-hand one the near horse? As the driver sits usually on the right, it would seem more logical to call the animal on that side the near horse.

A CHEVAL.

BROOKLYN, September 10, 1868.

Near and off originated, we have been told, with teamsters, who walk to the left of their horses in order to manage them with the right hand.

(95.)—Is there any edition of Tennant's *Auster Fair* to be had without paying the price of a rare book?

(96.)—Who can tell the author of *John de Castro*? one of the best of the old novels; or

(97.)—The author or authors of *The Stanley Tales*? out of print these forty years, I think.

L. K.

SANTA FE, N. M., August 25.

We became convinced long ago that the authorship of *John de Castro* is irrecoverable. The book itself is found only with difficulty.

(98.)—I find in Feltham's *Resolves* (Cent. I., xii.) a word unfamiliar to me, viz., *navation*, whereof I should like to know the etymology. Or, if it be a misprint, what should it be? The passage in which it occurs is as follows: "Every good man is a lieger here for heaven; and he must be wise and circumspect, to vain the sleek navations of those that would undo him." Feltham, I may observe, abounds in strange and obsolete words, and in words in unusual senses. A complete and carefully corrected American edition of this extraordinary writer, including his *Resolves*, his *Suavities* (poems), and his *Letters*, would, I am persuaded, find favor in the market. I note many errors not only in the old *Tenth Impression*, 1677, but in Pickering's edition of the *Resolves*, published in 1840.

HANS SACHS.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., September 5.

(99.)—What is the meaning of this line:

"The bar of Michael Angelo."

It is from the last stanza of the 86th section of *In Memoriam*. One student has suggested its reference to the heavy straight-lined eye-brows

in some of the portraits. But this is not quite satisfactory to many admirers of Tennyson.

D.

(100.)—I would like to ask the meaning of *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Does *Deux Mondes* refer to the eastern and western worlds? or the ancient and modern? or the moral and intellectual? or what?

K. B. J.

OSWEGO, N. Y., August 26.
The first suggestion, we think, is the true one, though the three-fold application may be intentional.

(101.)—My query in regard to *Pastor Fido* is still unanswered. It is also found in one of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters in the following connection:

"Her position is always in his sight, and he talks of her in the style of *Pastor Fido*."—See Vol. III., *Letter to Countess of Bute*, Padua, Sept. 5, 1757.

Does this afford any clue to the meaning?

(102.)—Colonel Boyd, in his *History of the Dividing Line between Virginia and North Carolina*, says: "During the reign of Charles I. every man that professed Popery was liable to suffer the same kind of martyrdom the Romish priests do in Sweden." What was this?

(103.)—The same author, speaking of North Carolina, says: "It approaches to the description of Lubberland nearer than any other, by the fertility of the climate, the easiness of raising provisions, and the slothfulness of the people." Where else do we read of Lubberland?

T. H. W.

BALTIMORE, September 25, 1868.

(104.)—That no collection of the poems and prose tales and essays of the late lamented Fitz-James O'Brien has yet been made and published is, indeed, as "L. H. B." avers, surprising. That such a collection, as complete as it may now be possible to make it, would be heartily welcomed by the reading public, who can scarcely yet have forgotten the poetic, versatile, and patriotic young Irishman, there can be little doubt. To "L. H. B.'s" list of his poems I append the titles of two not therein mentioned, viz., *What Befell*, published in *The Home Journal*, and *Doubt*, published in *The Evening Post*. My copies are at "L. H. B.'s" service.

HANS SACHS.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., Sept. 5.

(105.)—Has it never occurred to "R. Y." or any of your correspondents to look into the *Vicar of Wakefield* to clear up this *quæstio vexata* about the relationship of cleanliness and godliness? Mrs. Primrose of pious memory says something to that effect.

K.

SANTA FE, August 24, 1868.

True—though we did not think of it before; but the origin of the phrase was centuries before Goldsmith, and it is for that, we fancy, that our correspondents are in search.

(106.)—*Pastor Fido* is a pastoral drama by Giambattista Guarini, a contemporary of Tasso. It was first represented in Turin in 1585, but was not printed for some time afterward. My copy was printed by Nardini in London, 1800.

K. B. J.

OSWEGO, N. Y., August 26.

The Criterion of Fine Taste.—"She uses Phalon's Extract of the FLOR DE MAYO," is a remark that extinguishes all doubts as to a lady's taste in perfumes. What the "America" was among yachts, this extract is among its would-be rivals,—so far first that it has no second."

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